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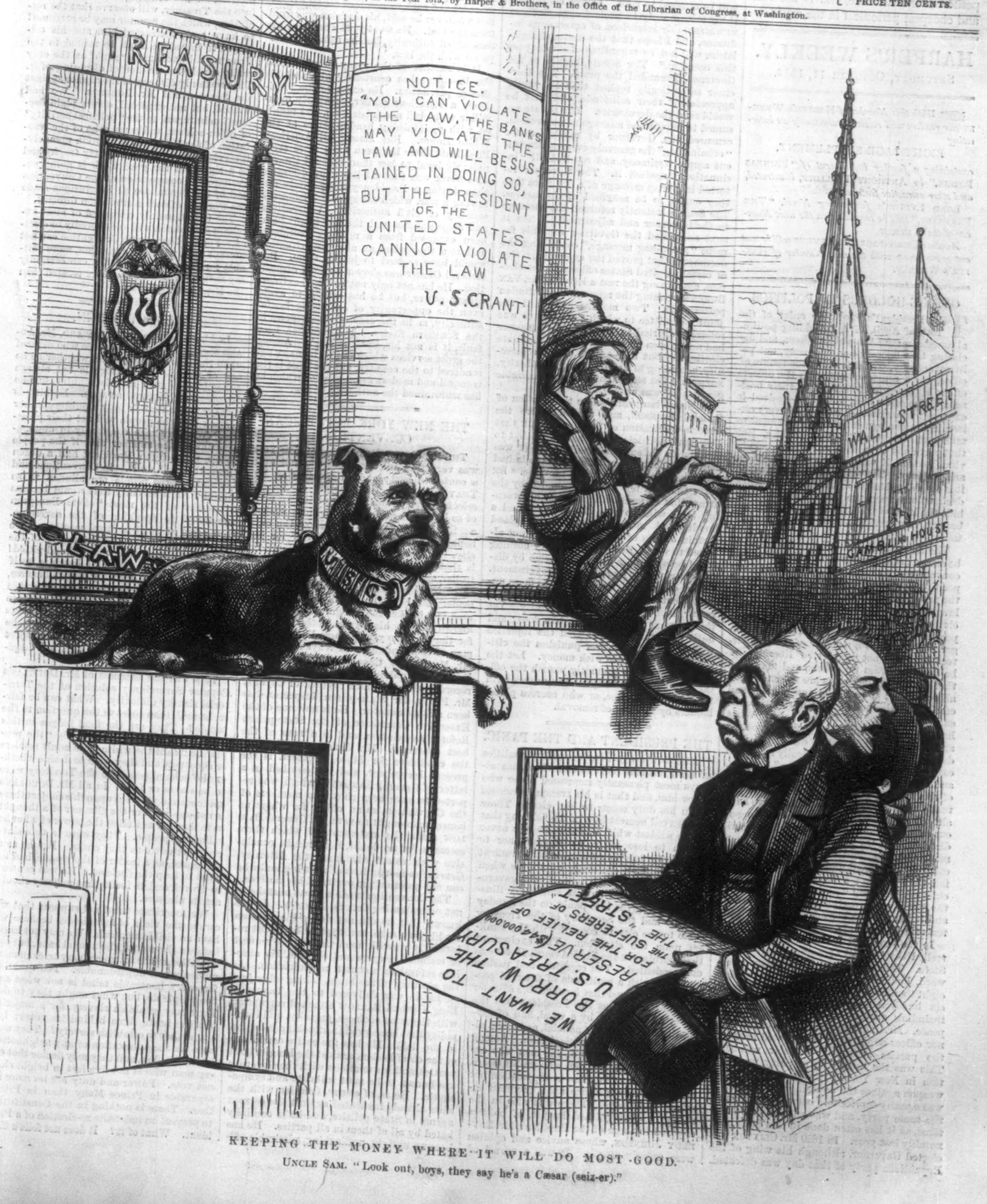
TREASURY
NOTICE. "YOU CAN VIOLATE THE LAW, THE BANKS MAY VIOLATE THE LAW AND WILL BE SUSTAINED IN DOING SO, BUT THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES CANNOT VIOLATE THE LAW U. S. GRANT.
LAW
U S G.
WALL STREET
GAMBLING HOUSE
WE WANT TO BORROW THE U.S. TREASURY RESERVE ($44,000,000) FOR THE RELIEF OF THE SUFFERERS OF THE "STREET"
Th. Nast

KEEPING THE MONEY WHERE IT WILL DO MOST GOOD.

UNCLE SAM. "Look out, boys, they say he's a Cæsar (seiz-er)."

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 11, 1873.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will receive gratuitously an interesting*

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing a further installment of "Phineas Redux," *by* Anthony Trollope, *illustrated, and other attractive features.*

Lord Lytton's *fascinating Novel,* "The Parisians," *will be continued in the next Number of the* Weekly.

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OFFICE-HOLDERS IN POLITICS.

THE President's executive order of the 16th of April, 1872, forbidding political assessments in the public offices, and declaring that honesty and efficiency, not political activity, will determine the tenure of office, was a courteous notice to the officers of the civil service to attend to their business. The order does not deny—indeed it expressly recognizes—the right of every citizen in the employment of the government to take part, like other citizens, in politics. But that part must be modest, or, for the most obvious reasons, it will justly awaken distrust and jealousy. The spirit of the order, when it is considered in the light of the President's declarations upon the general subject, forbids the kind of political activity which has become very general among government officers.

The theory that such officers are bound to be active in the management of caucuses and conventions, to use all the powers of their positions for party coercion and to command the party, has, however, become an unwritten law of the service. If any member of the civil service is not one of the most active partisans of his neighborhood, he is in danger. If he is not a member of the committee; if he does not "subscribe" liberally; if he does not drum up voters, and take care that the proper delegates are selected upon all occasions; if he is not conspicuous and efficient at the polls and the primaries, the sneer is prompt. "What does *he* do? What has *he* done?" An officer may be most fit and honest and efficient in discharging his duty; but if he does not politically fetch and carry, he is condemned as "doing" nothing, and he suffers accordingly. The plain peril of this system, when the office depends virtually upon the President's pleasure, we have already shown. It is the germ of a dangerous centralization, and consequently of civil disturbance. On the one hand is an enormous and organized central power, on the other an intelligent and resolute local opinion that will not submit to it. The mischievous tendency was seen long ago, when the power of the patronage was but puerile, and it is useful to consider the earlier protests that were made.

In the year 1801 De Witt Clinton controlled the Council of Appointment in this State. That council, nineteen years afterward, had the appointment of more than eight thousand military, and of six thousand six hundred and sixty-three civil officers, including auctioneers and justices of the peace. Mr. Clinton announced that the minor offices ought to be distributed between the parties according to their numbers. This was the beginning of party proscription in New York. It was intended as a weapon against the opposing party. But it was equally serviceable between factions of the same party, and was sure to breed factions, as it has often done in this State, and notably last year. In 1820 Mr. Clinton was elected Governor, although his wing of the Republican party of that day was defeated. During the campaign he had felt the application of his own principle, for Martin Van Buren, who was then beginning his career, had already seen that New York was not large enough for him and Clinton together, and had secured the removal of certain postmasters merely because they were "Clintonians."

At the opening of the Legislature, therefore, Governor Clinton said in his speech: "The power of the general administration has increased with the extension of its patronage. And if the officers under its appointment shall see fit, as an organized and disciplined corps, to interfere in the State elections, I trust that there will be found a becoming disposition in the people to resist these alarming attempts upon the purity and independence of their local governments, for whenever the pillars which support the edifice of the general government are undermined and prostrated, the whole fabric of national freedom and prosperity will be crushed in ruin. I have considered it my solemn duty to protest against these unwarrantable intrusions of extraneous influence, and I hope that the national legislature will not be regardless of its duty on this occasion." The Senate, hostile to the Governor, demanded the proof. The Governor sarcastically replied that he "fully appreciated" their solicitude, and that he would send the documents. The Senate assumed to regard the message as an evasion, censured the Governor by resolution for "criminating" the general government without ample testimony, and repelled all "insinuations" against it. The Governor retorted in a crisp message of a few lines that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. The Senate instantly returned the message to the Governor and adjourned. When it next assembled the Governor sent his famous "green-bag message," containing the documents that proved the especial activity of certain United States officers at the election, and among the rest a letter of Mr. Van Buren's pressing the removal of Clintonian postmasters. Two months afterward the joint committee to which the message was referred reported that extraneous influence had never been observed in any of the State elections! But nine-tenths of the community, according to a contemporary authority, knew that the statement of the "honorable gentlemen" was untrue.

This was ten years before the election of General Jackson, and twelve before the famous declaration of Senator Marcy that New York politicians had long held that to the victors belong the spoils; and it was more than forty years before the spoils had become so enormous as they now are. De Witt Clinton felt himself wounded by the arrow that he had feathered; but his warning is as wise now as it was then, and a hundredfold more urgent. In England certain classes of civil officers were not allowed to vote. But in this country nothing could be so unwise as to stigmatize by disfranchisement any agent of the government. On the other hand, nothing can be more unjust than to give them greater political power than the rest of the community. Yet this is what the present system does; and until the system is changed the injustice will continue. The law punishes the citizen who buys a vote with money. Let the appointing power promptly punish the officer who buys or attempts to buy votes with the promise of place, or who coerces place-holders by the fear of removal.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PANIC.

Among the excellent executive qualities of the President there is one which has always most pleasantly impressed those who know him, and that is his tranquil firmness when his duty seems to him clear. Those who served nearest him in the field say that in the wildest whirl of battle he was never known to lose his self-possession, nor to swear. He has an admirable temperament for a President, especially at a time when every body in distress turns to the government for help. This was strikingly illustrated during the late panic, on the Sunday that he and the Secretary of the Treasury came to the city to consult with the bankers upon the situation. The excitement that morning at the Fifth Avenue Hotel was unprecedented. The corridors and parlors swarmed with a multitude of frenzied people, who supposed that incalculable disaster impended, and that the President had the power of staying it by a word, and of saving the country from financial, as he had already saved it from political, ruin. Among the crowd were many of the men who are famous as capitalists, and who are supposed to be masters of finance—a supposition not based in every instance upon the most accurate knowledge. There was also in the throng a distinguished lawyer, of politics opposed to those of the President, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, whose advice and opinion were eagerly sought. It was a crowd of speculators and gamblers in railroad stocks, with some of those whom they had involved, all passionately desiring that the President would use the public money for their relief.

The President asked for the law that would authorize him to touch it for such a purpose. The distinguished lawyer instantly conceded that there was no lawful authority to do it, but that the situation of the country was so threatening that the President ought to assume the power of dispensing with law, and trust to Congress to approve his course. Even the *habeas corpus* act, he said, is suspended in moments of extreme urgency, and is the Treasury reserve more sacred than personal liberty? If the distinguished lawyer said this to the President, the President probably replied that the *habeas corpus* is suspended under the express authority of the Constitution, and that while in the existing emergency he was anxious to do all that he possibly could under the law, he was unwilling at such a moment to put the law aside and establish a precedent of such momentous consequences. But whatever he said, his decision was fixed from the first. He went to the verge of his undoubted authority, but he refused to dispense with the law.

It is another of the many proofs which the President has constantly given of his sincere patriotism. He came to the Presidency a victorious soldier, peculiarly unfamiliar with civil administration, and taunted with maintaining head-quarters at the White House. But among all American Presidents there has been none more scrupulously loyal to law than General Grant. And never was that fidelity more desirable than during a Presidency immediately following a war, which always diminishes the sanctity of civil authority. Usurpations and dispensations with the law might have been expected from a military President, and at a time when an abnormal situation would have seemed to justify them. But General Grant has shown no such disposition. He has not only not assumed extraordinary power, but he has sought to avoid even the opportunity of exercising lawful authority, as in the case of emergencies in the Southern States. If there has been fault, it is not his, but the law's. Among the great services which General Grant has rendered to the country, not the least is the tranquil and modest firmness with which he has maintained the authority of law.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican Convention of New York was very tranquil, for there was not even a contested seat; and in nominating Mr. Thayer, of Troy, for Secretary of State, it selected a sagacious and experienced man, of so inflexible an honesty and independent a will that he voted—we believe the only Senator—against Tweed's charter for the city. It is an admirable nomination. So is that of Mr. Hopkins, the present Comptroller, against whose official administration or personal character no charge has been made. Mr. Fort, the candidate for Treasurer, is a banker in Oswego, and is publicly known only by his service in the Assembly for the last two years, where he was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. Mr. Meade, for Canal Commissioner, is a man new to public life, a soldier of the best record in the war, and a resident of Cayuga. Mr. Platt, for State-prison Inspector, has been a State Senator. He is now one of the Executive Committee of the State-prison Reform Association, and is a man of the best character. Mr. William B. Taylor, the candidate for State Engineer, is the present incumbent, and is described in a letter of General Barlow's, which was reported to have been shown to members of the Convention, as an officer for whom no honest man ought to vote. If General Barlow made the statement, of which there seems to be no doubt, it should be conclusive with voters who know the Attorney-General's opportunities of knowing, and who can not question the purity of his motives.

The Convention made a great mistake in not renominating General Barlow. It was known that he did not desire the position for his own sake, and that he had most reluctantly waived, upon the urgent request of eminent lawyers and citizens, his absolute refusal to accept a renomination. As the attorney of the State, taking office just as battle was delivered to the Tammany Ring, General Barlow attacked corruption with the same coolness, sagacity, and intrepidity that he showed in attacking rebellion in the field. He has the entire confidence of the chief leaders against the Ring in both parties, and his relations with the Governor are known to be most intimate and sympathetic. He is, of course, familiar with the suits already instituted against the corrupt agents in State politics, and he is cordially hated by all of them in all parties. He has been an upright, unflinching, admirable officer, and that is the kind to renominate, not only for the welfare of the State, but as conspicuous evidence of the spirit of the party. The Convention could have wisely remembered the homely wisdom of the old preacher and of Mr. Lincoln, not to swap horses in the middle of the stream. Mr. Silliman, who is nominated in place of General Barlow, is a gentleman of spotless character and of high distinction at the bar, for whom every citizen of New York can safely vote, sure that he will aim to do as his predecessor has done.

The platform, as usual, is much too long. The resolutions at such a time should be short, sharp, and decisive. The "salary-grabbers" should have been pointedly denounced, and the demand of the Wisconsin Republicans seconded, that a Congress should be constitutionally prohibited from robbing the Treasury under plea of increasing its own salary. Those, however, who have reproached Senator Conkling and Mr. Roberts, the Representative from the Oneida district, for not ordering their "back pay" into the Treasury, will observe that the resolution, which the Senator may be presumed to have seen, instructed him and his colleague to introduce a bill to refund to the Treasury all unclaimed "grab" as the only really conclusive method of disposing of it. That certainly disposes of the clamor against the Senator and Mr. Roberts. We had wished, but not expected, a very plain declaration in regard to the "political activity" of office-holders, and some echo of the resolution of the National Convention upon civil service reform, both as a party trophy and as a sign that the good work is going on. Perhaps the composition of the Convention and of the Committee on Resolutions made the wording of such a resolution difficult.

The ticket, mainly composed of most excellent candidates, will undoubtedly be elected. For the Democratic Convention can not present men, with one exception, more suitable for the positions; and it can certainly say nothing which will be more trusted than the Republican platform.

THE SOVEREIGN.

In his eulogy upon Mr. Seward, Mr. Adams speaks of the fate of those who depend upon the favor of the prince, whether he be one or many. That prince is not always recognized as such in this country, but he is constantly flattered as such. Nothing is more common than to hear a public speaker remark that the people will act their pleasure. We have seen constantly in newspapers during the summer that if the people choose to re-elect a President half a dozen times, they will do it. In Conventions and Legislatures the people are alluded to as master with a servility that would become a courtier of the most "effete European monarchy" in speaking of the sovereign. How often at great political meetings have we not all heard the obsequiousness of the minions of despotism denounced and pitied! Yet the speech to which we listen is itself an act of the most debasing obsequiousness, and the orator crouches before the sovereign whom he wishes to propitiate as if he were kneeling to a sultan. The man who flatters the people is no more respectable than he who flatters the king. Both have an abject fear of their sovereign, and both are despicable.

This was the baseness of Mr. Douglas's Popular Sovereignty solution of the Territorial slavery difficulty. What can be fairer, he said, than to leave the question to the people? They are the final judges in this country. Let them decide. By "the people" he meant the white male adult settlers or squatters, and they were to decide whether the colored people in the Territory were to be slaves or free! In all Mr. Douglas's speeches and writings upon this subject there is not one word or the glimmer of a thought as to the duty as well as the power of what he called the people. They were to vote slavery up or down as they chose. But he as a statesman, as a leader of the people, had no word to help the decision. He was content to grovel, and to insist that majesty should act its pleasure.

We Americans must not suppose that we escape the vices of monarchies because we have no visible monarch. We may not kneel before a throne nor kiss a royal hand, but our adulation of the sovereign may be even more unmanly and unpardonable. The question for every honorable mind is not what can the people do, but what ought they to do? They may establish slavery, for a majority has the brute force behind its votes; but ought they to establish slavery? They may vote for the annexation of any neighboring territory. Yes, and they may decide that every man who is not five feet in height shall not vote. Power and duty are no more inseparable in Prince Many than in Prince One. There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent an indefinite re-election of a President. What of it? It does not follow that the people would do wisely to re-elect a President indefinitely. They know that they have the power, and that there is no constitutional prohibition. But how shall they be advised to exercise the power? That is the question for honorable men. A politician tries to ascertain what the people wish to do: a patriot tells them what they ought to wish to do. General HAMILTON was accused of saying in a public speech that the people were often their own worst enemies. But he showed himself a friend of the people in saying it.

The duty of good citizens is plain. They must not pander to the sovereign people, as they should not to the sovereign prince. And the highest function of the press in a free country is not to declare that the people can do what they please, but to insist that they should please to do what is right. This is equally true of a paper which sympathizes with the aims and spirit of the party in power. It is not to be its lackey and feed attorney, but its friend and counselor. There is a constant tendency in dominant parties to misuse their power, and in their managers to presume upon the unwavering support of the whole party for any measure and for any candidate. To resist this tendency often becomes the paramount duty of the honest members of the party, and successful resistance is the condition of their continued sympathy with it. Happily for the Republican party, it has more independent members than any party that has existed in the country. None was ever more plainly criticised from within, or its leaders called more strictly to account, as has been lately shown by the resolutions of State Conventions upon "the salary grab" and the Crédit Mobilier. The fact that a Republican Congress permitted "the grab," and the unhappy implication of some conspicuous Republican members in the Crédit Mobilier transactions, do not blind or silence Republicans. And their unmistakable and emphatic protests are among the best political signs of the times.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

THIS will be a very independent year in politics, and it is therefore especially necessary that fit men should be nominated for the Legislature. How to secure such nominations, which all honest voters desire, is a problem which many of them suppose to defy solution. There is, however, as we have often said, one very effective method of trying, at least, to secure them, and that is to refuse to support improper nominations. If a vote can do no more, it can protest. And the voter may decline to be cornered by the usual argument that if he does not support his party he will help to defeat it. For he is not bound to support his party if it can not be honorably supported. If he can not with self-respect vote for the regular candidate, he can write the name of any honest man of his party upon his ticket, and drop it in the box. It can not be too often repeated that fit men would be nominated if the voters who do not go to conventions would merely decline to support unfit men.

The reputation of the Legislature of New York is a shame to the State. We know, indeed, and we have constantly reminded our readers of the fact, that in every Legislature there are most honorable and upright men. They are the more to be respected that they are willing to serve in a body of so ill a fame. But they are generally powerless, and important legislation is notoriously bought. This is no new charge. Fifty years ago the same thing was said, and truly said, and the present time is not the worst of times by any means. The depth of degradation was touched three or four years since, when TWEED was the virtual owner of the Legislature and of the Governor. But the price of our liberty and prosperity is what it always was and will be—eternal vigilance. Every corrupt Legislature and leader is a blow both at the public welfare and at party ascendency. For they are justly held to represent the party. TWEED, who was the natural growth of a party whose policy for a generation had been contempt of human rights, dragged his party with him in his fall. Let us learn of the enemy.

There is one great impediment in the work of reform of the Legislature, and that is the difficulty of finding fit men who can afford to leave their business long enough to serve faithfully. Mr. GREELEY had a theory, and he acted upon it, that a citizen ought not to decline any public service to which he might be called. But if Mr. GREELEY could act upon such a theory, there are a great many honest and patriotic men who can not. Few men who are not rich can take four months from their daily business and spend them in Albany without a sacrifice of their families, which they have no right to make. Neither has the community a right to demand it. Yet proper care will find in every district proper men for the public service. Honesty is the first necessity. Yet it is not enough to be honest. As Mr. PRINCE has shown in his valuable report and speeches upon legislative methods, it is sometimes almost impossible for a member to know how he is voting. He is bewildered by obscure rules, and then by his own confusion, and often helps to pass the very bills that he meant to defeat, while his own bills disappear into some mysterious limbo, from which he knows not how to recover them. A member of the Legislature must be shrewd and quick, as well as honest.

It will not be forgotten that the Senate to be elected this year will vote, a year hence, for a Senator of the United States to succeed Mr. FENTON, whose public life will probably end with his present term.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

IN a free country government by parties is inevitable and desirable. But among its attendant evils is the partisan treatment of facts as well as principles. And as all political journals, whether calling themselves independent or not, have a bias either for the Administration or against it, it follows that it is often very difficult to know the truth in regard to public affairs. If, for instance, the intelligent reader were to form his opinion of the condition of the Southern States from the correspondence of the Democratic journals, it would be very different from that which would be derived from Republican correspondence. We Republicans naturally take the rosiest view of affairs under our own administration, while the Democrats labor painfully to prove that we spoil whatever we touch, and that the national happiness and even existence are imperiled in our baleful hands. The Democratic Senator THURMAN declares that the condition of the country is disheartening and appalling. The Republican Senator MORTON says that, after a careful review of the last hundred years of our history, he is convinced that the country was never in such good condition and so full of the best promise as it is to-day. Both are evidently not correct. The statements conflict, but there is the truth behind, if we could only get at it. Meanwhile we are only saying that between the rosy spectacles and the dark blue it is difficult to determine what the exact color of things is.

This difficulty appears in the study of affairs in the District of Columbia. Some time since Congress decided that the District should have a Territorial government. It has a Governor, a Council, and a Board of Public Works appointed by the President and Senate, and a House of Delegates elected by the voters. The chief business of the Territory has been the improvement of the city of Washington, which for two or three years has been undergoing excavation and parking and paving at an enormous expense. This work is, of course, controlled by the Board of Public Works. There have been earnest protests, loud opposition, and warm indignation, as was natural, because a great many pleasant residences have been disturbed, the city has been thrown into a chaotic condition, an enormous debt has been incurred, and some official people concerned, whose salaries are not large, are known to have become rich. The late Governor having resigned, the President has appointed in his place the late chairman of the Board of Public Works, Mr. ALEXANDER R. SHEPHERD. That there has been great extravagance in the municipal changes is evident. That there has been great corruption is probable, although the evidence is, of course, not easily accessible. That officers immediately connected with the work have pecuniarily benefited by it is undeniable. That Mr. SHEPHERD is popularly supposed to be the "boss" of the ring, and that he is also believed to have profited largely by the work of improvement, is notorious. This belief may be incorrect. There were those who said that TWEED was maligned, and who demanded proofs. But while this belief in regard to Mr. SHEPHERD was very general, it is to be regretted that, being the chairman of the board, who could not have been ignorant of its transactions, he should have been made Governor of the District.

This regret is increased by a speech which he has made in response to a serenade. It was natural, he said, that the District should have incurred a large debt in making improvements which "would guarantee the stability of the city as the seat of the general government," and he hoped that nobody would grumble at a debt occasioned by so good a purpose, especially as he believed that the general government would soon help them to pay it. We, on the contrary, believe that the Governor is mistaken. If the city of Washington wishes to make itself beautiful in order to remain the seat of the government, there can be no objection whatever. But when the Board of Public Works of that city lavishes millions of dollars upon it, and then asks the people of the country to pay the debt, there is a great deal of objection. If Congress had ordered the capital to be parked and paved and excavated at a cost of millions, there would have been a vehement and universal protest, and the Republican party and Administration would have been bitterly denounced. But if Congress should deliberately assume such a debt, which it had not authorized, it would be responsible for a still greater offense. The new Congress can do nothing so sure to secure the continued and unchallenged supremacy of the Republican party as to keep itself wholly free even from the suspicion of jobbery and financial carelessness.

THE WALL STREET PANIC.

THE intense excitement that marked the advent of the panic in Wall Street has at length subsided, and the feeling generally prevailing is that the bankers and brokers have passed the worst of it. The doors of the Stock Exchange have remained closed, and aside from the operations of an "independent board" there have been but few transactions in stocks during the week. An effort was made by the governing committee of the Exchange to reopen business on Monday, September 29, but the recommendation failed of approval, as it was not deemed practicable. Another suggestion of the committee, that members should settle their contracts and margins between themselves as rapidly as possible without recourse to the Clearing-house, it is believed was generally adopted, and by this expedient much of the business of the brokers is said to have been adjusted. On pages 892 and 893 our readers will find a series of illustrations representing scenes in Wall Street during the panic.

The suspension of HENRY CLEWS & CO. was announced on Tuesday, and that of HOWES & MACY on Wednesday. The immediate effect of these announcements was the wildest excitement, which continued for several hours. Throngs of depositors besieged both offices, and the police had to be called to maintain order. According to a statement made by HENRY CLEWS & CO., their firm, were it not for the panic, had never been in a better financial condition than at the beginning of September, and were entering upon the fall season under the most favorable auspices. A large amount of cash was on hand, and the safes were filled with first-class securities. The trouble in Southern railroad stocks and bonds had caused Mr. CLEWS to gradually disconnect himself from these schemes, and to promote sound Western railroad enterprises, such as the building of the Burlington and Cedar Rapids road. Consequently, in the time of panic he was in excellent condition to meet it, and the proof lies in the sturdy way in which he pulled through for four days, when other banks and banking houses were forced to succumb much earlier. With a large amount of available currency, and with first-class securities on hand, it seems as if he ought to have weathered the gale, and were it not for the exacting course of the Fourth National Bank, he undoubtedly would. Mr. CLEWS had made his arrangements to tide through the day, and, as a part of them, left $800,000 in securities at the Fourth National Bank, which acts for his firm, to certify checks at the Clearing-house. By-and-by, when the cash deposits of Messrs. CLEWS & CO. ran low, the Fourth National refused to certify their checks, holding the bond deposits as security. These checks were returned to Messrs. CLEWS & CO., and as there was no cash in the house to meet them, suspension became necessary. The assets of the firm are of the very best kind, and, were money in free circulation, there would be no difficulty in resuming business in the morning. They further state that the liabilities which their London house of CLEWS, HABICHT, & CO. describe as incurred for account of the New York house are mainly acceptances under commercial credits for account of various merchants in New York and elsewhere, to whom the drafts will be returned, and who will meet them, being prepared to do so by having in their possession the goods and merchandise against which the acceptances were given. The apparent liabilities of their London house will therefore be reduced to the extent to which the acceptances under these credits are provided for by the parties on whose account they were issued.

The suspension of HOWES & MACY was regarded as a necessary consequence of the failure of other great banking establishments. The firm ascribed their embarrassment to their inability to collect their loans, and stated that as soon as they could realize their stocks and collaterals they would commence paying their customers, and would resume business immediately. They had a very great drain on their bank from all sources throughout the country from their correspondents and banking houses, and when all these came in suddenly, as a result of this panic, they were not in a position to pay them. The trouble with the depositors was this, that they believed their deposits were locked up in boxes in the vaults, and that they could be drawn at any moment. A moment's consideration might convince any sensible person that they did not pay four per cent., as they were doing, to keep the deposits in the vaults of the bank. That was not the principle upon which banking business was conducted. The money had to be invested in order to realize interest; investments were not to be disposed of in a single hour at any time, and in the present excited condition of the market to attempt to dispose of their collaterals and securities would be to sacrifice their own and their depositors' interests. It was impossible to estimate the amount of money drawn from the bank since the commencement of the panic, but it was considerably in excess of $1,000,000. Messrs. HOWES & MACY and HENRY CLEWS & CO. both propose to resume business immediately, under the following arrangement:

> "We now beg to announce that we propose to continue our business as heretofore, by receiving special deposits in trust for new accounts, pledged only to payments drawn against such new accounts; and that we shall collect and realize upon our loans, securities, and other assets as fast as possible, and make payments pro rata as the same shall be realized on, until the entire amount shall be liquidated, interest being paid as heretofore."

The proposal meets with favor among local customers, and it is hoped will be readily consented to by those at a distance. The speedy resumption of these large houses can not fail to have a good effect, in allaying apprehensions and restoring the public confidence in banking institutions generally.

No other failures of any note have occurred during the week. The houses that suspended previously are still busily engaged in investigating their accounts.

JAY COOKE & CO. have submitted the following statement of their affairs:

LIABILITIES	$7,939,409 26
ASSETS—Bills receivable, bank, insurance, and other stocks, bonds, and real estate.	7,867,640 12
Loans to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company on $3,750,000 of stock of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company	1,500,000 00
Loans to the Northern Pacific Railroad Company on bonds of the company	4,068,215 09
Second mortgage railroad bonds, stocks, etc.	2,530,356 96
Total.	$15,966,212 17

The above exhibit of liabilities is exclusive of $1,701,140 99 loans of the firm, which are fully secured by good collaterals. The excess of collaterals upon these loans has been estimated and included in the assets. The firm expects soon to submit a proposition for a settlement with its creditors, which, it believes, will be acceptable to the latter. The National Trust Company's assets are reported as $5,385,380 08, and liabilities $4,292,029 53. Those of the Union Trust Company are, assets, $7,491,296 16; liabilities, $6,273,518 52. CARLTON's defalcation amounts to $428,500.

The Clearing-house Association held an important meeting on Wednesday. It was resolved that an additional $10,000,000 of Clearing-house loan certificates to the banks of the association should be issued, as it appeared by the report of the chairman of the Loan Committee that the $10,000,000 authorized to be issued on the previous Saturday had all been drawn out of the banks. It was also determined by resolution that all checks when certified by any bank shall be also certified as payable through the Clearing-house. It was further resolved that in order to supply the demand for legal-tender notes and renew impaired confidence, the Clearing-house Loan Committee be authorized to purchase $10,000,000 of United States bonds, in whole or part, and to procure the redemption of the same through the Secretary of the Treasury, the loss or cost of the transaction to be divided among the New York associated banks pro rata of the amount of their deposits, as shown by the returns of last week, and that the committee be authorized to assess the share of each bank by drafts in the usual manner. By another resolution it was determined that each member of the Clearing-house Association should be a special committee to ascertain the whereabouts of the desired bonds, to invite the general participation in this effort of every institution and individual in the community, and report the result to the chairman of the association on the same day. After some debate a resolution that the national government be urged to anticipate the payment of the $5,000,000 of bonds due January 1, 1874, was adopted.

There have been large shipments of gold from England to settle, it is said, the liabilities of London bankers incurred before the panic. On Thursday £185,000 were forwarded from Liverpool for New York, and on Friday £479,000 were drawn from the Bank of England for the same purpose. Nearly $8,000,000 in the aggregate, it is said, have been drawn from England since the panic began.

The feeling on Saturday was decidedly improved, under the favorable action of the Stock Exchange in resolving to reopen its doors on Tuesday, September 30. The impression was general that large sums of hoarded money would be thrown into circulation at once in the purchase of sound securities. Additional encouragement was found in the decision of the banks to make a further issue of loan certificates, but, owing to the improved condition of affairs, less than $2,000,000 were called for on Saturday. President GRANT on Sunday wrote a letter to two of our leading merchants, promising all the aid that could legally be given by the government, provided the banks and moneyed corporations of the country would pursue a liberal policy in the same direction. To this end the Treasurer would immediately begin the prepayment of the November interest.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE village of St. Marks, Florida, was entirely swept away by a terrific storm September 22. Several persons were killed, and great injury was done to the crops.

The New York Republican State Convention met at Utica September 24, Lieutenant-Governor Woodford presiding. The following are the nominations made: Secretary of State, Francis S. Thayer; Comptroller, Nelson K. Hopkins; Treasurer, Daniel G. Fort; Attorney-General, Benjamin D. Silliman; Canal Commissioner, Sidney Meade; State Engineer and Surveyor, William B. Taylor; State-prison Inspector, Moss K. Platt.

William R. Taylor has been nominated by the Democrats and Liberals for Governor of Wisconsin.

The schooner *Addie* was recently sunk at sea by the steamer *Precursor*, and twelve of those on board were lost.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Spanish steamer *Murillo*, which some months since ran down the *Northfleet*, and has lately been trading between Antwerp and Spanish ports, arrived at Dover September 22, and was immediately seized and detained by order of the Admiralty.

Another conservative, Mr. Barnett, has been returned to Parliament, from Dover, in place of Sir George Jessel, resigned.

Spanish news for the week is dull. The government has borrowed 100,000,000 francs from the Bank of France.—General Nouvilas has been appointed President of the Supreme Council of War, General Pavia Captain-General of Madrid, and General Jouvellar Captain-General of Cuba, vice General Pieltain, who is recalled.—The Madrid government threatens a rupture of relations with Great Britain if the frigates *Vitoria* and *Almanza* are not placed in its control.—The city of Alicante was bombarded by the insurgent fleet, September 27, but after a fierce conflict of seven hours the vessels withdrew, badly damaged.

The Shah of Persia has returned to his capital. The whole population turned out to escort him to the palace. The Shah in a brief speech stated that he had visited the parliaments and principal institutions of Europe with the special object of introducing what he saw good in them into the administration of his government.

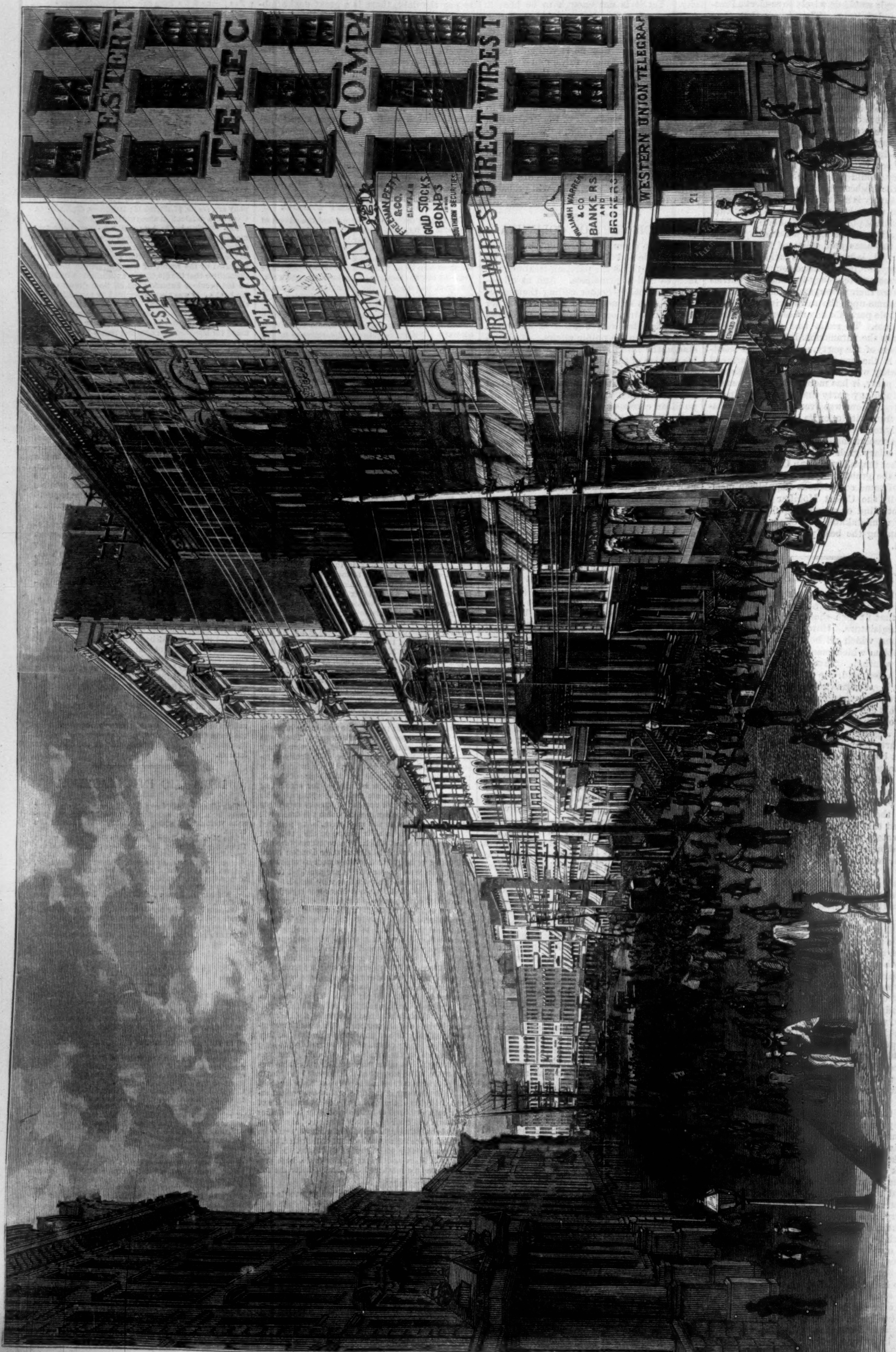
The government of France having placed merchandise imported into France in vessels of the United States on equal terms with importations from other countries in French vessels, President Grant has proclaimed similar terms to French vessels arriving here.

John Bright, it is said, threatens to resign his position in the cabinet if the Ashantee war is continued.

The Bradford British Association favors the sending out of another arctic expedition by the English government.

The Duc de Broglie, in the French Assembly, September 25, declared that the government would not permit the armament of Carlists in France.—A meeting of conservatives in Paris have promised a majority of twenty in the next Assembly in favor of monarchy.

The first sod was turned in Reshd, Persia, recently, for the commencement of the construction of the first railway in that country.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WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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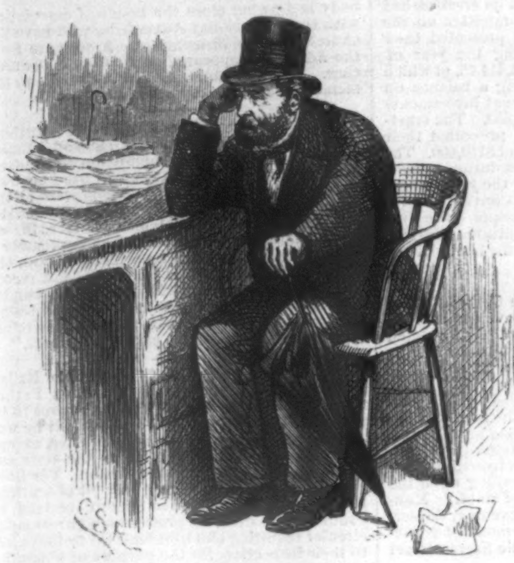
WILLIAM H WARREN & CO. BANKERS AND BROKERS
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH
21

BROAD STREET DURING THE PANIC.—Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.—[See Page 891.]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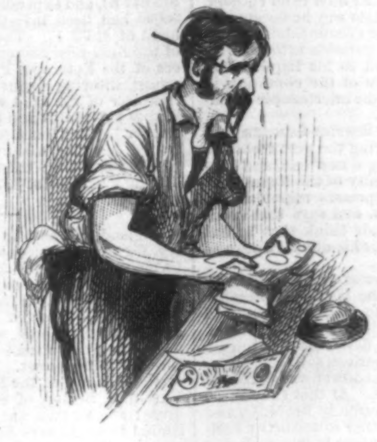
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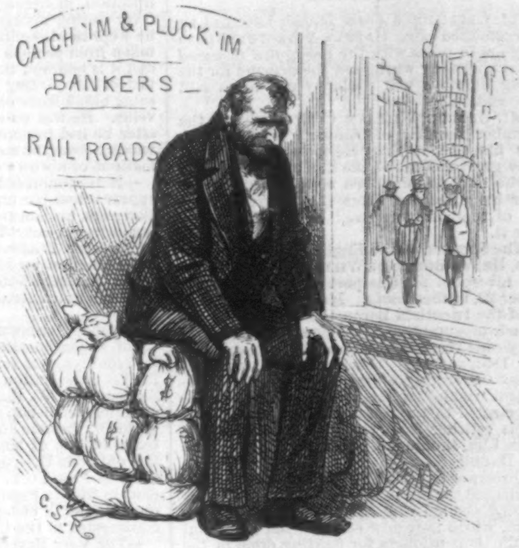
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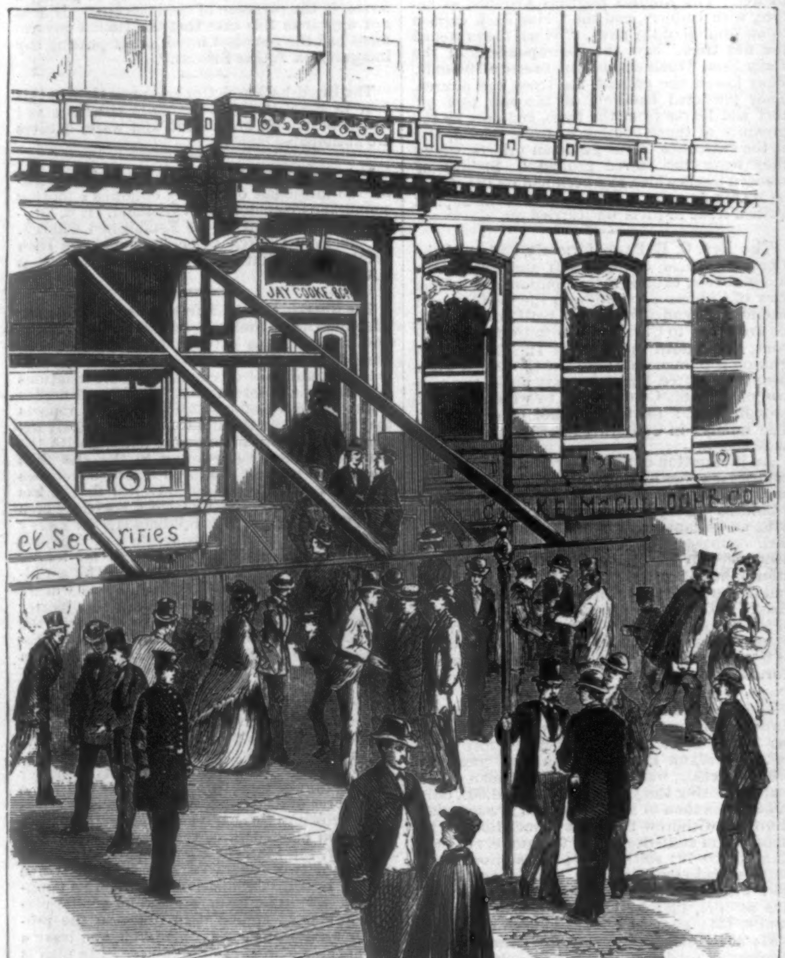
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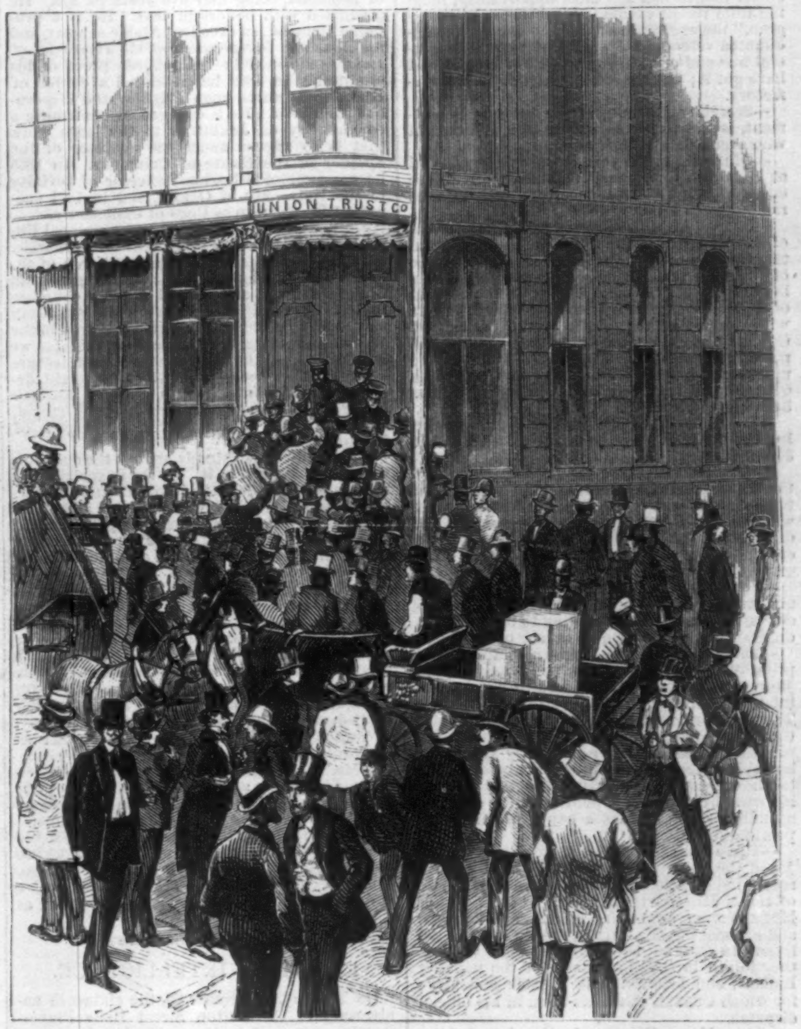
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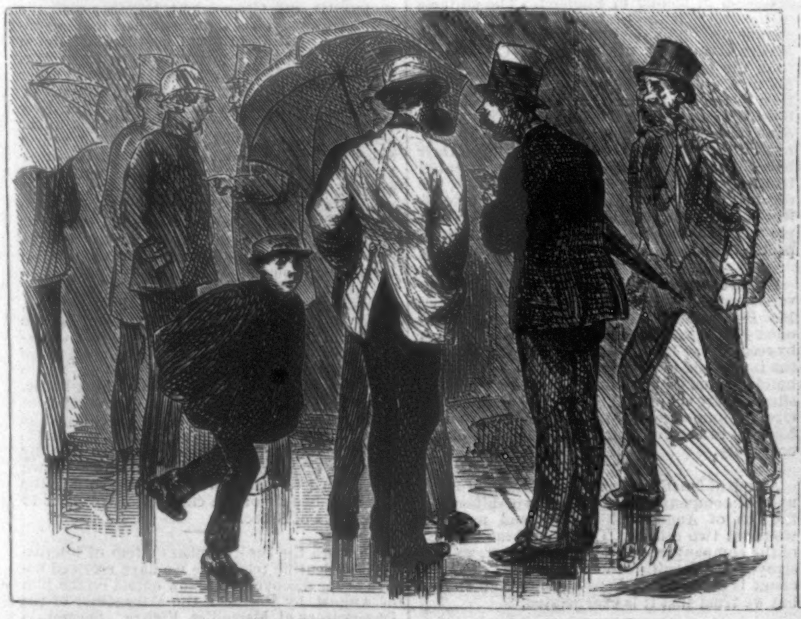
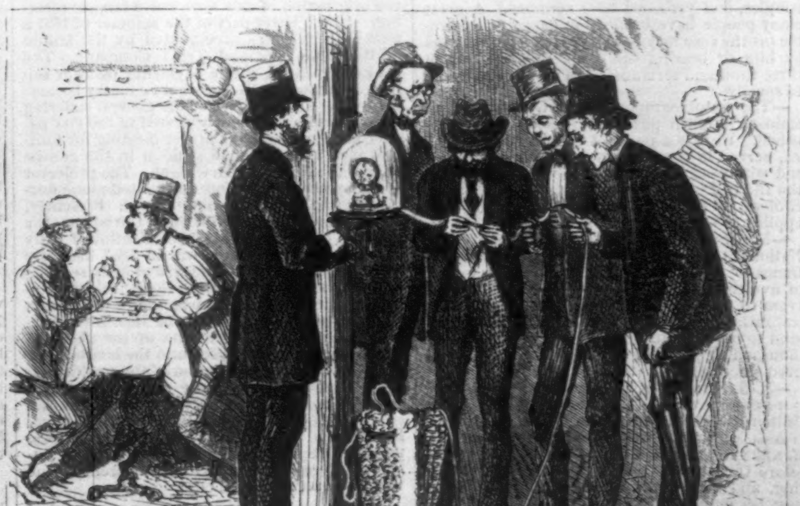
RUN ON THE UNION TRUST COMPANY.


THE EXCITEMENT ON THE STREET.


AROUND THE STOCK INDICATOR.

SCENES IN WALL STREET DURING THE PANIC.—[See Page 891.]

PERSONAL.

Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads* have had an unprecedented sale. Harper & Brothers have just gone to press with the *twenty-first thousand* of that charming work, and the demand for the coming holidays will probably call for a still larger edition.

—Mr. George William Curtis will, in the November number of *Harper's Magazine*, resume his seat in the "Editor's Easy Chair," to the great delight of the half million of people who have so long been accustomed to "sit under his discourse" from that "agreeable article of temporary repose," as Mr. Micawber terms it.

—The Speaker of the English House of Commons, Henry Bouverie William Brand, sailed from Liverpool for this port on Saturday, September 20, in the *Russia*. Mr. Brand is second son of the twentieth Baron Dacre, and brother and heir-presumptive of the present baron. He is fifty-nine years old, and has been in public life since 1852, and was "Parliamentary" or "Patronage" Secretary of the Treasury, *i. e.*, government "whip" of the House of Commons—until elected to the Speakership of the House. On his retiring from that position a peerage awaits him, should he not meanwhile become Lord Dacre.

—Governor Dix and Thurlow Weed having experienced the pecuniary gratification one feels on being assured of a steady income of $8 per month, which they now receive from a grateful republic as pensioners for fighting done in the war of 1812, have the further gratification of knowing that another needy but deserving person, Mr. Daniel Drew, has been added to the $8 per month list, and most opportunely, judging from recent events. As a "back pay salary grab," the aggregate awarded to these three undoubted veterans is insufficient to raise a general hue and cry. They earned the money, and have got it; but the interest account is unsatisfactory.

—Secretary Delano, of the Interior Department, is said to be the only native of Vermont who ever held a cabinet office.

—Of the thirty-six young men who graduated at Hamilton College last summer, twelve have engaged as teachers and editors, with salaries ranging from $900 to $1800.

—General Charles P. Stone, Minister of War of Egypt, writes to the Smithsonian Institution that he has procured for it perfect casts of some of the more remarkable sculptures and bass-reliefs in Egypt. General Stone, then a captain of ordnance, was intrusted by General Scott with organizing the militia of the District of Columbia at the very outset of the rebellion, and performed that duty with zeal and ability. We understand that in reorganizing and imparting efficiency to the army of the Khedive he has been quite successful.

—The will of the late Bishop Wilberforce has been proved. The personal estate is about $300,000.

—Mr. James Parton has been employed by the War Department to arrange for publication the original papers of General Washington which have recently come into possession of the department. Among them is Washington's original order-book, used by him when in command of the army in the field.

—Professor Palmieri, of Naples, has communicated to the people of that city the agreeable intelligence that, according to observations on Vesuvius, new earthquakes may be expected.

—There is now at The Hague a compositor of princely rank, who, like Peter the Great, has journeyed westward to Holland to learn a useful handicraft for the benefit of his country. The august personage in question is Prince Macao, a daimie of the first grade of Japan. His meritorious conduct is not strictly voluntary, he having been sent to Europe by his sovereign, but he appears to have made the act of sacrifice his own by the uncommon zeal he exhibits, spending several hours a day at work in the printing-office.

—There were three or four outsiders who enjoyed the risky felicity of witnessing Custer's recent lively little fights with the Indians. Two of these, Mr. Lewis Clifford and Mr. Lewis Molesworth, are of fine old English families, and are making the tour of the West. Having letters to Custer, and knowing what was up, they joined in the charge against the naughty Indians, and behaved with notable gallantry; for which Custer mentions them in his official dispatch.

—Elder Moses Howe and wife celebrated the anniversary of their golden wedding a few days since in New Bedford. He was entitled to it, for during those fifty years he had married 1879 couples, and preached 3000 sermons. A great many people have been made happy or miserable (as the case may be) by having been married by him or hearing the old gentleman preach three thousand sermons. We do not undertake to specify.

—The autobiography of Dr. Granville, an eminent English physician, is soon to be published. He was a pupil of the celebrated Volta, served in the English and Turkish armies, and witnessed many strange scenes. He saved the life of Lord Palmerston, in jeopardy from cholera, by the use of a heated smoothing-iron applied to the spine.

—M. Odillon Barrot, late President of the National Council of France, left fifty thousand francs to the French Institute to found a prize of five thousand francs, to be given every two years to the author of the best essay on decentralization or on judiciary reform; fifty thousand to the town in which he was born, and fifty thousand to the town of Bougival, where he has lived since 1848.

—E. S. Knight, of Nashua, New Hampshire, is possessor of the oldest silver coin in the United States. It was found by a missionary in Asia Minor, and was coined during the reign of Alexander the Great, who died 323 years before Christ. It contains the likeness of the king, and two Greek words signifying "The king, his money."

—The Berlin medical journals record the recent death from cholera of Dr. Otto Obermeier, at the age of thirty-one. Dr. Obermeier was in a fair way of gaining, and, indeed, had to a considerable extent gained, a high reputation as a scientific investigator of disease. Within the last few months he published some interesting researches on the blood in typhus fever (maculated); and when seized with his fatal illness, was engaged in researches on cholera. Having too great confidence in his power of resisting infection, in consequence of not having taken fever during his investigations on that disease, he kept in his bedroom pathological specimens taken from persons who had died from cholera, and it is believed that in this way he became infected. According to one account, he injected some blood from cholera patients into his own veins. He was so devoted to his inquiry that after he had become aware of the condition in which he was, he made some microscopic examinations of his own blood.

—It is announced that Senator Sumner will appear before lyceums during the next recess of Congress, his lecture being a new one, and having as its subject "The Unity of the Republic." The Boston *Transcript* expresses regret at this determination on his part, and says that some of his Massachusetts friends think that he has none too much strength for his official duties as Senator.

—Bishop Paddock, who was consecrated Bishop of Massachusetts on the 17th of September in Brooklyn, was fortunate in the day selected for his consecration; for it was on the 17th of September, 1792, that the first consecration of an American bishop on American soil took place, when Dr. Thomas John Claggett was consecrated as Bishop of Maryland. At that time there was only one Episcopal church in Brooklyn and three in New York. Another noteworthy incident in Bishop Paddock's case is that he is the one hundredth bishop of the Episcopal Church consecrated in the United States.

—The Very Reverend Robert Payne Smith, D.D., who is now in this country as a delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, is one of the most learned scholars of England, and in the prime of manhood, being fifty-five years of age. He graduated with honors in 1841. He is a profound Hebraist, an excellent Arabic scholar, and his *Messianic Interpretation of the Prophecies of Isaiah*, published in 1862, affords proof of his erudition. In 1869 he published a course of Bampton Lectures upon *Prophecy as a Preparation for Christ*. He is engaged to contribute a commentary on Jeremiah to the large work that is to appear under the auspices of the Speaker of the House of Commons. In 1865 he was appointed Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, and in 1871 succeeded Dr. Alford as Dean of Canterbury.

—Mr. Edward Welby Pugin, an eminent English architect, is now being wafted to America. He is the architect of the great Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Cork, the Augustinian Church, Dublin, and several notable churches in England, Belgium, and elsewhere. Mr. Pugin may learn something of architecture even in the Western hemisphere. In the United States we have one prevailing style of church architecture—the *Pointed Ironic*—from which he might derive a few fanciful ideas. The *Early Scorbutic* has broken out in a few places in New England, but the "heft" of our church buildings is of the former sort.

—Wall and Broad streets are not the only *rues* where speculators rue it. At the financial crisis in Vienna in May last the imperial family suffered severely. The Emperor has been a habitual speculator on the Bourse for years past, and was "long" in several stocks when the crash came. One of his brothers lost about a million dollars, and others of the family were hurt.

—Governor Dix has appointed Captain Tinker one of the harbor-masters of New York, in place of Captain Peabody, deceased. For many years Captain Tinker was one of the most popular captains of the old Liverpool packet-ships, at a time when we went not to sea in steamers. He was widely known for seamanship as well as for a bright, cheery temper, and an admirable way he had of making every body on board happy. Governor Dix could not have made a better selection.

—Mr. Samuel A. Hitchcock has again unclasped his purse, and given $25,000 to complete Congregational Hall, Boston. He is the same gentleman who has given $150,000 to Amherst College, $100,000 to Andover Seminary, $85,000 to endow a free school in his native town, $25,000 to Knox College, and $10,000 to Tabor College. These figure up $395,000. Besides these he is a steady giver, in a milder way, to good things as they turn up.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

On Tuesday, September 23, the sixteenth anniversary of the Fulton Street Daily Prayer-meeting was held in the North Dutch Church of this city. It is a remarkable coincidence that this anniversary is celebrated under circumstances precisely similar to those which led to the origination of this now world-famous meeting. In the latter part of the summer of 1857 a financial crisis was precipitated by the failure of the Ohio Life and Trust Company. The banks suspended specie payments, disaster followed disaster, until the whole country became involved. In the midst of the general suffering a modest advertisement appeared in the city papers, announcing that a prayer-meeting for business men would be held at noon in the consistory of the North Dutch Church. The projector of the service, Mr. Lamphier, waited alone during the first half of the hour named. Presently, being joined by a few devout Christians, the meeting opened, and has been continued daily ever since. Its example was in 1857 instantly followed all over the country, and daily services of prayer were established in the principal cities of the United States. The record of the Fulton Street meeting, written by the Rev. Dr. S. Irenæus Prime, under the title of the *Power of Prayer*, has been translated into the language of nearly every Christian nation of the world.

The sixteenth anniversary was attended by a crowded congregation. Every seat of the old church was occupied, and its aisles were filled. Dr. M'Cosh, the President of Princeton College, presided. Spirited addresses were made by numerous clergymen and laymen, representing the various churches of the city.

The eighty-ninth Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the diocese of New York was opened on Wednesday, September 24, in St. John's Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Potter, bishop. There was a full attendance of delegates. The bishop's address gave evidence of unceasing and successful labor during the year. He reported that in accordance with the action of the last Convention a charter of incorporation for the cathedral had been obtained, and that large contributions toward its erection had already been pledged. The committee on the Aged and Infirm Clergy Fund presented their report, showing receipts during the year of $13,847 62, and expenditures $12,414 45, of which $8000 had been invested, leaving a balance on hand of $1433 17. The permanent investments of the fund now amount to $44,650. The trustees of the Episcopal Fund also presented their report, showing the investment of $110,000. The treasurer of the fund was by resolution authorized to pay the bishop $9000 for the year to September 1. The treasurer of the Convention presented his report, showing receipts (with last year's balance) of $7132 42; expenditures, $3397 60, leaving a balance of $3735 82 in the hands of the treasurer.

England will now be a Roman Catholic country, for the pilgrims to Paray have dedicated it to the service of the Sacred Heart. As we stated last week, they went in procession to the shrine. Dr. Talbot, with the banner of the Sacred Heart, led, and was followed by the Duke of Norfolk and two other lords, who carried the English flag. The women were next in the line, walking three or four abreast. The priests and the rest of the men closed the train of worshipers. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, delivered an address; and a hymn was sung "calling upon the Sacred Heart to save Rome and France." Monseigneur Capel preached in the evening, the sermon being followed by the ceremony of consecrating the English nation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

More extraordinary still were the demonstrations in the "Garden of the Apparition," where Marie Alacoque believed that Jesus appeared to her. The English pilgrims marched as before, with banners, and the Union Jack carried by an admiral of the navy. "When they reached the nut trees," says the correspondent of the *Daily News*, "their enthusiasm passed all bounds. They kissed the ground, the trees, the figures. They pocketed handfuls of the soil, tore off turf and leaves from the trees, and only by the pressure of those coming in from behind, and at the entreaties of the guardian priests, would they leave the sacred ground." Strings of wooden beads which had been laid on the shrine of Marie Alacoque were in great demand, and quite a trade in them was carried on.

The Rev. C. E. Babb, formerly editor of the *Christian Herald*, of Cincinnati, and who is now in California, expresses the opinion that a large flow of Chinese population to the Pacific coast would be attended with great peril both to public order and to Christian civilization. His reasons, as summed up, are: (1) The Chinese migration is of men only; (2) the Chinamen while here are not free, but are wholly under the control of the "Six Companies," by which they are brought over; (3) they do not come to stay. The number in California already is estimated at 75,000.

An illustration of the power of the "Six Companies" is given by the San Francisco *Chronicle*, in an account of the discovery in that city of a Chinese "Hoey," or secret council of twenty, with an assumed power of life and death over their countrymen. A Chinaman who had been denounced by the "Hoey" was bold enough to inform the police, and procured the arrest of several of the wealthiest Chinese merchants on the charge of threatening to murder. The practice of the "Hoey" has been to carry out its verdicts by secret assassination. The story reveals some of the difficulties of the Chinese question in California.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions met in Minneapolis, September 24. Twelve hundred delegates were present. Dr. Mark Hopkins, who has repeatedly filled the chair, was again made chairman. The receipts during the year have been $431,000, only $29,000 less than in 1870, when the Presbyterian churches withdrew from the association. The summary of statistics shows the number of missions to be 19; stations, 70; out stations, 466; ordained missionaries, 143; female assistants, 199; whole number from this country, 352; native pastors, 104; native teachers, 406; native pupils, 134; churches, 1971; church members, 9435; added during the year, 794; training and theological schools, 12; common schools, 496; whole number of pupils, 18,644.

The Congregationalists have organized a church in Salt Lake City. Their church property there is valued at $15,000 to $20,000.

The pilgrimage to Paray is producing a great revulsion of feeling in England. The silliness of the story of the pretended miracle is freely commented on by the press. It is, in brief, that Marie Alacoque was visited by Christ, who took the heart out of her body and laid it on his own, where it was enveloped in flame, and then restored it to her. From that time she was blessed, and an especial bride of Christ. As the *Spectator* well says, "The heart is a blood pump, not the seat of the affections, which have their being in the unmaterial mind." Yet the essential truth of the story is asserted by the *Tablet*, the organ of Archbishop Manning. The whole effect of this demonstration upon the English people will be likely to be disastrous to the prospects of Romanism.

Ground was broken for the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee, on September 16. Bishop M'Tyeire, of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church, began the proceedings by reading the 127th Psalm, beginning, "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," and then removed the first earth. The site is a very commanding one, just without the city. Commodore Vanderbilt has contributed $500,000 to the erection and endowment of the university.

A mob of fanatical Mexicans in Matamoros fell upon a company of Protestant worshipers on the 6th of August, killed one, and mortally wounded two others. They then beat the rest of the company, about thirty in number, and destroyed the furniture of the church. The account is given by *La Voz Publica* of Matamoros, but we trust that it is exaggerated.

The fifty-ninth General Conference of the Seventh-day Baptists of the United States began in Westerly, Rhode Island, September 10. This body is drawing close the bonds of association with the Seventh-day Adventists, who have 239 churches and 5875 members. A delegate from the Adventists appeared at the General Conference. The total amount of subscriptions to the memorial fund was reported to be $55,071.

The *East German Gazette*, of Posen, is authority for the statement that Archbishop Ledochowski has made his submission to the German government, and that he will from his own means make provision for the education at the state universities of twelve of his seminarists. We suspect that this statement is true, for we learn from another source that on September 3 the archbishop received a notification from the Minister of Worship that "if he did not recognize the new ecclesiastical laws of the empire within the delay of one month, he must resign his archbishopric, and that in case of his refusing to do so, he would be expelled by force."

The story so freely circulated that the Italian government had deliberately insulted Father Secchi, the celebrated astronomer, proves to be untrue. The pith of the story was that he was refused permission to lecture on science, except on condition of appearing before the state authorities and passing an examination. The London *Tablet* admits that the "only bit of truth in the matter is that Father Secchi received, in common with other ex-professors, a government circular requiring him to submit his testimonials to their inspection, for the purpose of obtaining authorization to go on teaching. He complied with the demand, but when the documents came to be inspected, the father was informed that he was exempted from the formality of giving a lesson in the presence of the inspector. It does not appear in this case that the Italian government had the remotest intention of putting any indignity on Father Secchi."

The English Church Congress will be held this year in Bath, in October. Both ritualists and evangelicals will be present, and warm debates are anticipated.

It is a remarkable fact that the use of instrumental music has only lately obtained a footing among the Presbyterians of Scotland. It is, however, confined still to the Established Church. In the Free Church of Scotland and the Irish Presbyterian Church the organ controversy is not yet settled.

The Russian Greek Church is disposed to unite with the Old Catholics. Professor Ossinnin, it now appears, was detailed to attend the Old Catholic Congress at Munich to note its proceedings, and to "ascertain how the relations between the Eastern and Western churches could be placed on a solid basis." He reports that many of the Old Catholics are sincerely desirous of coming to an understanding with the Russian Church. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette* the interest produced among all classes in Russia has become so universal that it has been found necessary to form a society which should be a connecting link between the clergy and the laity for the consideration of religious questions in Russia. "Russia can no longer be cut off," concludes the report, "by a Chinese Wall from the rest of the Christian world; nothing that passes in Europe can be a matter of indifference to us. We have now laid the foundations for co-operating with the Old Catholics, and we hope that our relations with them will become permanent."

Tree-culture has no *necessary* connection with church-building, but an enterprising Episcopal minister in Kansas proposes to make the growing of trees pay for the erection of a church edifice. The general government grants a quarter of a section of land to any one who will plant forty acres of it in trees, and keep them successfully growing for ten years; after fruit trees have been planted three years, and are growing healthily, the State of Kansas pays an annual bounty of two dollars an acre for twenty-five years. By the combination of these two bounties land could be taken up, and an annual revenue produced sufficient in time—so the projector argues—to pay for a church, and leave a fine surplus of real estate besides. The plan is novel, certainly, but the tree-growing and the church-building would be alike public benefits.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An important enterprise has lately been initiated by the Fish Commissioners of Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, together with the United States Fish Commissioner, looking toward the multiplication of land-locked salmon in Maine, and the securing of a supply of eggs for distribution to appropriate localities in other States. This fish, as may be known to many of our readers, occurs in the St. John River, New Brunswick, in the Schoodic lakes, in the upper waters of the St. Croix, in Reed's Pond, and in Sebec and Sebago ponds, and possibly in other localities, and is to all intents and purposes a specific race of salmon, varying in its average weight, according to the locality, from two to five pounds, and while possessing the full flavor of the salmon, having at the same time all its game qualities, and thus making it a desirable fish for the sportsman. It is admirably adapted to the great Northern lakes of the United States, including those of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, etc. During the month of August the gentlemen referred to visited various points, and finally fixed upon Sebec Lake as the scene of their operations, where they are now about erecting a hatching house, and where, under the direction of a competent superintendent, it is proposed to collect the eggs of this fish and develop them to a sufficient degree for transfer to other waters. By the laws of Maine one-fourth of all the spawn taken must be returned to the lake, so that the principal benefit of the enterprise will inure to the waters of Sebec.

Through the Smithsonian system of international scientific telegrams we have received notice of the discovery of a new comet on the 19th of August by Borelli, the astronomer of the Observatory at Marseilles, France. Several errors seem to have been made in the communication as originally published, which for a few days delayed the astronomers of this country in finding and observing the comet as promptly as was desirable; and we are now informed that it has proved impossible to discover any comet in the neighborhood of the position indicated by the figures given in the dispatch of August 19. On the other hand, Professor Hall, at Washington, who makes it his duty to promptly follow up every newly discovered member of our solar system, informs us that a dispatch from Paris dated August 24 has been received, communicating the position of a comet just discovered by the Messrs. Henry, of Paris. This comet was immediately found and accurately observed by Hall; and it is suspected that there was some error in the original communication of Borelli, making it necessary that Leverrier should correct it by telegraphing the results of the observations of his assistants, the brothers Paul and Prosper Henry. If this be so, we have, then, the following comet record for 1873. The *first* comet of 1873 is the periodic comet of 1867, the so-called Tempel's Comet, and was first seen on its present return by Stephan of Marseilles on the 3d of April. The *second* comet of 1873 was discovered the 3d of July by Tempel, at Milan, whither he had recently been driven by the proscription of the German citizens in France. This discovery was very generally announced throughout the astronomical world; but, for some reason, Borelli seems to have been ignorant of it, and to have independently discovered it on July 30, when he announced it as a new comet. This comet was observed by Professor Hall at 3 A.M., August 25, when it was in right ascension one hour and forty-eight minutes, and declination, south, thirteen degrees and twenty-six minutes. Schulhof of Vienna finds that this is a new periodic comet, having a period of about six years. The *third* comet of 1873 is that announced by Borelli on August 19, which, however, can not be found, but is supposed to be identical with that telegraphed by Henry of Paris August 24, and which, when observed by Hall at Washington, at half past 3 A.M. August 23, was in right ascension seven hours and forty-one minutes, and declination, north, fifty-eight degrees and fifty-two minutes. It appears as quite a bright comet when seen through a nine-inch telescope, and is moving rapidly eastward and southward into the head of the constellation of the Lynx.

The last volume of the *Annals of the Observatory of Leyden* contains an investigation by Kaiser, the director of that institution (whose recent death we have had occasion to announce), upon the spots of the planet Mars, and the conclusions that may be drawn from their study. Besides his own observations, Kaiser had at his disposal some four hundred and twelve drawings published by previous astronomers since the year 1636. Concerning these latter Kaiser says that he finds such great discordances between them that one can scarcely believe they refer to the same body; but while these differences are partly due to the fact that only those portions of the planet which are directly opposite to the observer can be distinctly seen, he attributes them principally to inexperience on the part of the observers, and want of uniformity in their methods of drawing. Perhaps the greatest difference is noticed among the drawings made in 1862 by the most experienced observers, furnished with the most powerful telescopes. Of his own drawings Kaiser publishes twenty-one engravings; and, from very careful comparison with all the previous ones at his disposal, he concludes that the time of rotation of Mars about its axis (which is known to be about once in one day and thirty-seven minutes) can not be determined as accurately as some astronomers have supposed; and that a long time must elapse before it will be possible to use the rotation of Mars as a standard by which to judge of the invariability of the motion of the earth—the problem which Sir William Herschel originally attempted to solve.

The white spots near the north and south poles of Mars, which are generally supposed to be accumulated snow, have been subjected to accurate measurements by Kaiser, who thinks that the cause of discrepancies in the conclusions of various observers in different years in regard to them is to be found in the hypothesis that these white regions undergo considerable change of position on the surface of the planet.

Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs proposes an exploration of the Libyan Desert, for which he has obtained the permission, with promise of assistance, of the Khedive of Egypt. It is accordingly his intention to start toward the end of the present year with a party of scientific men, to include especially an astronomer, botanist, and geologist.

Mr. Richard Spruce communicates to *Ocean Highways* an account of Professor Orton's intended explorations on the Amazon, to which we have already referred our readers. The professor informed Mr. Spruce that it was his intention to leave New York on the 23d of June *via* Para, for the purpose of studying the Amazon at low water, and that he had received free passage to and from that country in the United States and Brazilian steamers. He designed going directly to Moyobamba, thence to Chachapoyas, Caxamarca, etc., and proposed to devote himself mainly to the valley of the Upper Marañon.

Mr. Spruce, himself an eminent traveler and botanist, and well acquainted with the region to be explored, commends the intention of Professor Orton, and points out many subjects of interest yet to be developed. He states that, as far as his knowledge extends, there has not been a single reliable astronomical determination of the position of any points on the Marañon from Balsas upward, and that there is no well-written description of any other region. It is 130 years since Condamine's visit above the great bend of the river, and it is thought that in the interval many geological and physical changes may have occurred.

In *Ocean Highways* we find a notice of the great work undertaken in the way of measuring a segment of the meridian in the centre of Europe, and of obtaining by these measurements a European meter, with the co-operation of all the states. A congress was lately held at Vienna with special reference to this object, at which all the European states were represented, with the exception of England and France. Adopting for the European measure of length the meter which Vice-Admiral Mathieu and his commission had already fixed, it was decided to begin the measurement of a central European segment of a meridian having its northern end at Christiania and its southern end at Palermo. Six French commissioners are to assist in the work of the congress, two of them chosen by the War Department, two by the Paris Observatory, and two by the Academy of Sciences.

A correspondent of *Ocean Highways* strongly urges upon the English government to unite with all the other European governments in this geodesic congress, especially in view of the fact that the geodesy of England needs to be united with that of Europe across the Channel.

We gather the following review of the weather from the *Weekly Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office for the week ending September 24. During the past week an area of decidedly low barometer developed in the Northwest, passed slowly eastward over the northern portion of the United States and off the New England coast, accompanied by brisk and high winds and generally stormy weather. This storm was preceded and followed by cool clear weather. During the latter portion of the week a well-defined storm passed from the Eastern Gulf States northeastward off the South Atlantic coast, where it probably produced decidedly stormy weather. Frost has been reported during the week from the Northwest, the Ohio Valley, the Middle States, and New England. The rain-fall has averaged less than half an inch in the Western Gulf States, the Lower Missouri Valley, and the Northwest; less than one inch over the St. Lawrence Valley, the Lake region, and the Ohio Valley; 1.25 inches in the Middle and Eastern States; 2.50 inches in the Southern States. The Mississippi River and all its tributaries are reported to have fallen from three to eighteen inches.

At a recent election held by the Academy of Sciences of Paris for three correspondents in the section of zoology, Professor Steenstrup, of Copenhagen, Professor Dana, of New Haven, and Dr. William D. Carpenter, of London, were chosen.

The question recently raised as to the propriety of introducing the California salmon into the Eastern United States, in view of the alleged impossibility of taking it by the hook, has been effectually set at rest by a communication from Livingston Stone, Esq., in charge of the United States salmon-hatching establishment on the Sacramento. This gentleman reports, under date of August 2, that salmon were then being taken in great numbers in the M'Cloud River, principally grilse, the bait used being salmon spawn. He does not state, however, whether any have been taken with the fly, although it is probable that if they will take one kind of bait, they will not refuse the other.

Herr Schloenbach, proprietor of certain salt-works at Lieberhall, in Hanover, has instituted a foundation of 12,000 florins, the interest of which is to be devoted to assist geologists who may undertake journeys of exploration beyond the Austro-Hungarian empire. This is intended as a memorial tribute to his son, a young German geologist of much promise, recently deceased.

The Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences bids fair to become prominent among American institutions for the magnitude and value of its publications. The second number of the first volume of the *Bulletin* has just appeared, and embraces descriptions of new species of fungi by Mr. Charles H. Peck; contributions to a knowledge of North American moths by Grote; and a study of North American Nocturidæ, also by Grote. One hundred and forty-two new species are described in the first paper, of which fifty-four belong to the extensive genus *Agaricus*. The papers of Mr. Grote likewise include a very large number of new genera and species, his most interesting announcement being the occurrence in North America of the genus *Oncocnemis*, which, according to Mr. Grote, has hitherto only been known from the Ural Mountains. The discovery of three species in Colorado is, therefore, a fact of much interest in connection with the geographical distribution of animals.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Forty thousand six hundred dollars seems an enormous sum to be paid for a single cow; but at the recent sale of short-horn cattle which took place at New York Mills, about two miles from Utica, this amount was actually paid for a cow bearing the royal name of "Eighth Duchess of Geneva." The whole number of animals offered at the sale was 111, which brought a total sum of $481,585. Out of this number fifteen cows were sold for over two hundred and sixty thousand dollars. These prices were the highest ever paid for cattle either in this country or in Europe. The sale attracted a large attendance of the most noted stock-owners not only of this country, but of England, Scotland, and Canada. The "Eighth Duchess of Geneva" was purchased by a gentleman of Gloucestershire, England. Many years ago the Hon. Samuel Campbell conceived the idea of collecting a herd of pure-blood short-horn cattle; and though he bought at prices which seemed enormously high to his friends and neighbors, he appears to have realized a clear profit of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by this extraordinary sale. In England it is impossible to secure any thorough-bred short-horns, not because there are none, but because the owners will not part with them for any consideration. It is said there has not been a public sale of short-horns in England for twenty years, and that there is no probability of there being one for a century to come. Consequently, several enterprising Englishmen took the trouble to come over to this country and make purchases from American cattle-raisers, who may well be proud of the distinction they have won. It speaks well for the prosperity of our country that she is able to supply England with cattle of a rare and valuable breed.

What a strange, unreasonable condition is a so-called "panic," wherever it occurs! It is then that people say and do things most injurious to themselves, under the false impression that it is only by doing or saying those very things that they can save themselves from injury, ruin, or death. The scenes of the late financial crisis in Wall Street have showed the folly and danger of yielding to the wild excitement which seems contagious in great and extended panics. Even a little flame is fanned into a raging fire by the hot breath of rash and hasty words. Looking back from a calm stand-point, how strange it seems that men who are generally cool and clear-headed should become so wrought up by mutual influence, by reports, suspicions, and fears, that wild excitement utterly overthrows reason! A "run" upon a bank in time of financial trouble is the surest way to double trouble, as the dullest person might know. But in a panic good common-sense takes to itself wings and flies away. During the recent financial panic a well-known banking house in this city was called upon to pay out over $1,700,000 in the course of an hour or two. The demand was sudden, and what house could be expected to meet it on the instant? The statement has been made that by means of the telegraph the situation of Wall Street at its most critical moment was better understood in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis than by the frenzied crowds of brokers, bankers, and speculators in New York, who huddled together only to stimulate the wild and ruinous excitement which individual coolness, confidence, and courage would have decidedly checked. Those who lose all presence of mind in a business crisis are not the men upon whom the country can rely to conduct its financial affairs. A few fixed principles of action among leading men would break the force of such a crisis as has been recently experienced.

When is the "railroad war" in Maine to end? The Boston and Maine Company tear up the rails laid down by the Eastern Company, and then the Eastern retaliate by tearing up the rails of the Boston and Maine. Such senseless conduct, in a country where the law might be appealed to for redress of real aggressions, will not increase the confidence of the public in either road.

All the streets around the Capitol in Washington are now undergoing repairs and improvements, and are impassable. It is said, however, that they will be completed before Congress meets—a result which must be highly desirable.

The College of the City of New York opened this fall with 895 students. In this institution, as in other public schools, the books are supplied by the city.

The year 5634 of the Jewish calendar commenced September 22, and continues until September 11, 1874. The Jewish New-Year is celebrated with numerous feasts and fasts, and many imposing rites are observed on the first and second days of the year. Business is entirely suspended among the Jewish population, and the synagogues are crowded to their utmost capacity. On the 1st of October occurs the fast of "Yom Kippur," or Day of Atonement, and the days intervening between New-Year and this fast are denominated "days of penitence," and are religiously observed by pious Israelites. On October 6 commences the Feast of Tabernacles, a season of joy and gladness, which continues eight days.

According to the Cologne *Gazette*, the number of Russian serfs emancipated from the 21st of October, 1861, the date of the promulgation of the ukase abolishing serfdom in Russia, up to the 1st of August, 1873, amounts to 6,992,494 men, without counting their families.

The medical profession has long suffered somewhat from scandal brought upon it by the course of certain so-called medical colleges, whose agents sell diplomas to persons who have not pursued a regular course of study. Recently a young Cuban applied to a Spanish consul to attest his diploma, which proved upon examination to be one of this kind. He had pursued the study only three months, yet had been granted a diploma by an "American University of Philadelphia." Inquiry elicited that an agent of this institution has corresponded extensively, offering to procure diplomas to practice medicine on the mere payment of certain fees. The following is a sample of one of his letters, which was addressed to a party in Vienna:

"*June* 12, 1873.

"Esteemed Sir,—In answer to your letter I have the pleasure to reply that I am the agent of the delegates of the American University of Philadelphia, which is one of the most celebrated in the United States. I can get you a doctor's diploma, written in the Latin language, on parchment, and executed in your name, if you will pay the full fees and expenses, together with the sum of 300 florins, Austrian money. Expecting your immediate answer, I will send you, with pleasure, further particulars if you request me to do so. I am, Sir, respectfully,

"P. F. A. Van Der Vyer."

A London journal contains a lengthy article on recent experiments in watering the streets of that metropolis, and gives the following description of new machinery and its operation:

"Between the curb-stone and the flags of the foot-pavement a lead pipe of one and a half inch bore is laid down, almost flush with the level of the pavement, the small groove or gutter left between the flags and the curb-stone being filled up by covering over the pipe with asphalt. At every foot interval the pipe has a fine perforation (made with an awl), in such a direction as to send a low arching jet of water over the street carriage-way; and each perforation is defended by a small iron cap or shield, having a slot for the jet to squirt through, instead of the asphalt covering which protects the unperforated portions of the pipe. Where the street is forty feet wide the action of two pipes, one along each foot-pavement, is necessary for wetting the whole breadth; but where the street is only twenty-seven feet wide one pipe along one side throws the water completely across."

The danger of leaning out of the window of a car in motion was recently made apparent by an accident on the Hudson River Railroad. As the train approached the Sing Sing Dépôt a lady who was to leave at that station observed her children awaiting her arrival. She leaned from the window, in order to wave a handkerchief as a signal that she was in the car. At that moment the car passed close to an iron post, which struck the lady's arm violently. She quietly withdrew the arm with her other hand, her face only testifying the pain she was suffering. Some friends near her examined the arm, and found it broken in two places; yet the sufferer concealed her agony, and when the train reached the dépôt she walked calmly to meet her children, anxious not to cause them pain.

A gentleman of Sacramento City drove about fifteen miles out of the town one day in August, and after visiting friends started to return. He had lighted his meerschaum, and enjoyed a long smoke as he drove along. After this exercise was finished he placed the pipe in his breast pocket and continued his journey. Soon a smell of burning wool greeted his olfactories, and he found his whole pocket burned out and the fire spreading. While endeavoring to smother it the reins slipped from his hand, the horse took fright and began to run, and the fire had penetrated to his very skin. Finally he succeeded in subduing the fire, and also his horse. He was feeling thankful to be free from his trouble, and having reached the city, was quietly slipping into a clothing store with the carriage robe gathered about him to conceal the deficiency of his wardrobe, when he met full in the face two lady friends, who insisted upon his escorting them home, and wanted to know what in the world he had got himself wrapped up in that way for! *Moral:* If gentlemen will smoke, they had better put their pipes in some safer place than their pockets.

"The President of the United States can not violate the law," is a sentiment expressed by President Grant while enduring a severe ordeal in being urged to exercise illegal power to relieve the monetary affairs of the country. The world will honor him for his firmness and good sense in adhering to those methods of relief only which careful consideration indicated to be legal.

In the present crisis of aerial navigation Mr. P. T. Barnum comes to the rescue, and proposes to see what enterprise and plenty of money can accomplish. He has sailed for Europe for the purpose of consulting the most eminent and successful navigators of the air in regard to the best materials and the proper shape for the great balloon he intends to construct. It may be made in China, where silk is plenty and labor cheap; or in Paris, where many excellent balloons have been constructed. When it is finished, regardless of expense, Mr. Barnum proposes to have an experimental ascension from the grounds of the Sydenham Crystal Palace, in order to see that every thing is in proper working order. Having done this, and taken the advice of the most distinguished scientific men as to the best kind of gas for inflation and the most propitious time for making the experiment, he will pack up the balloon and bring it to New York, where he plans to have an ascension made by three aeronauts of different nationalities—one American, one Englishman, and one from France or Germany. The smallest estimated expense of the undertaking is $50,000.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The wife of a Louisville lawyer made a bustle of some important legal documents, and court had to adjourn until she could go home and return with them in proper shape.

An Intellectual Feast—The entertainment of an idea.

Is "stealing a march" worse than "taking a walk?"

Women should study to be smart, but never shrew-ed.

A shoe dealer advertises "Woman's Rights—and Lefts."

An Illinois County Clerk refused to issue a marriage-license because the man was only four feet high, while the woman was six. He knew something about domestic life with the proportions reversed, and could not assist a fellow-man to buy into a lottery when the odds were so fearfully against him.

"He is dead, but he pays just as well as he ever did," was the reply a newspaper publisher received to a dunning letter.

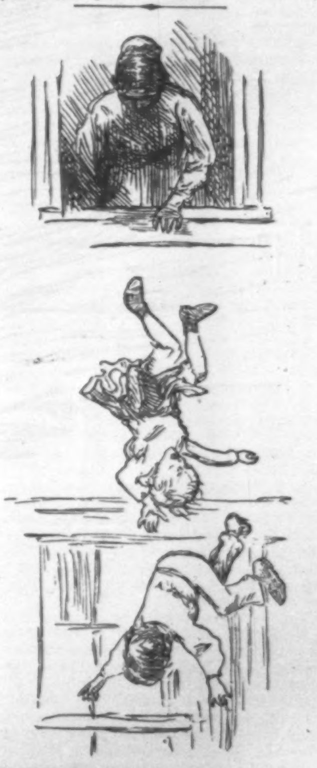
A dandy asked a barber's boy if he had ever shaved a monkey. "No, Sir," answered the lad; "but, if you will take a seat, I'll try."

"Among all my boys," said an old man, "I never had but one boy who took after me, and that was my son Aaron: he took after me with a club."

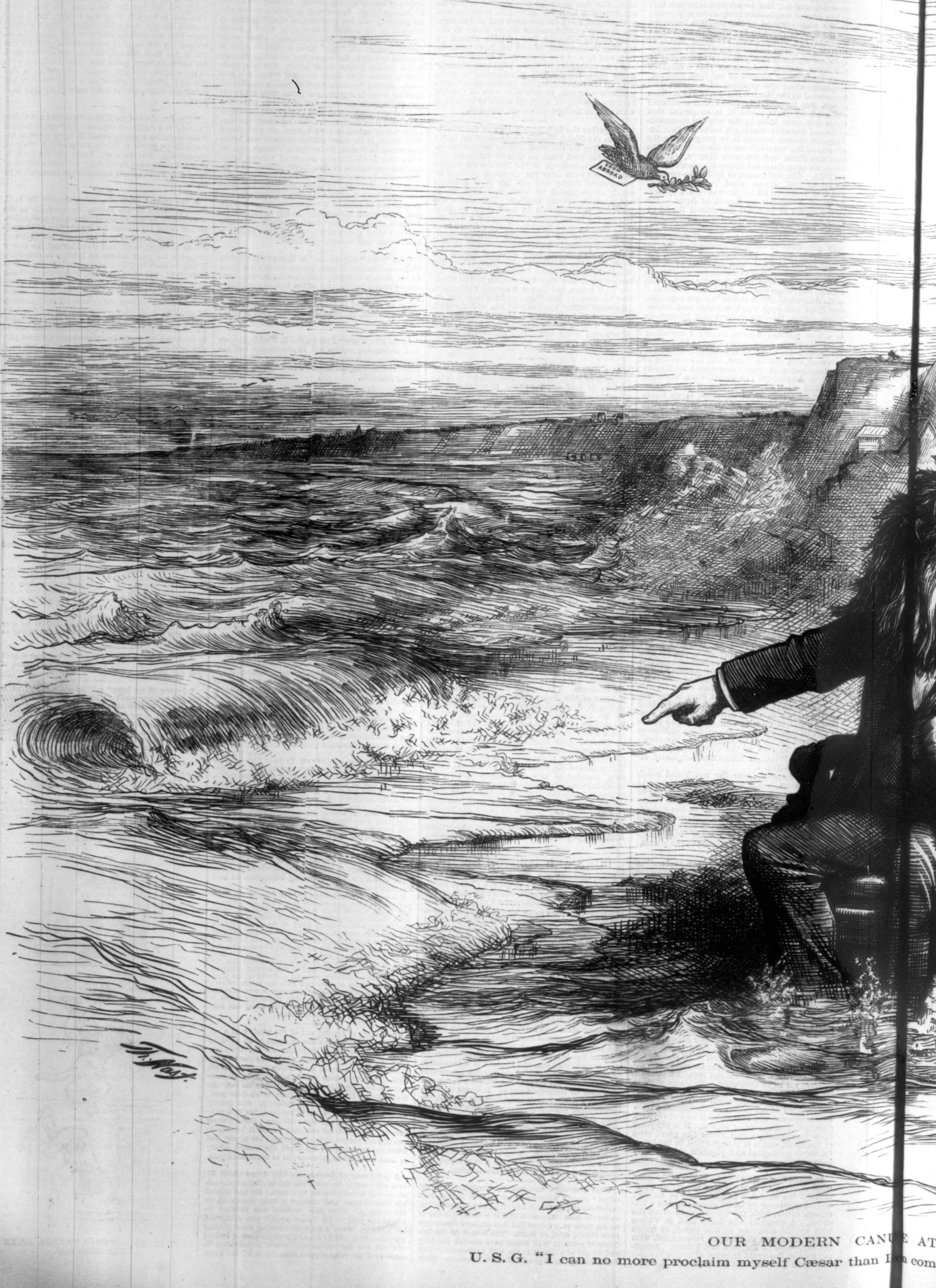
Scientists are claiming that, instead of being cold, the moon is in reality red-hot, and that no living thing known to our world could exist there. This spoils the green-cheese theory.

"See here, my friend, you're drunk." "Drunk! to be sure I am, and have been for the last three years. You see, my brother and I are on a temperance mission. He lectures, while I set a frightful example."

When a crowd of Texas jayhawkers started a disturbance in a Texas church the other day, the preacher raised a shot-gun, and said, "William Dello, sit down, or I'll make it painful for you." William sat down, and was as quiet as a lamb.



WANTED—A WOMAN TO LOOK AFTER THE CHILDREN.


FROM
ABROAD
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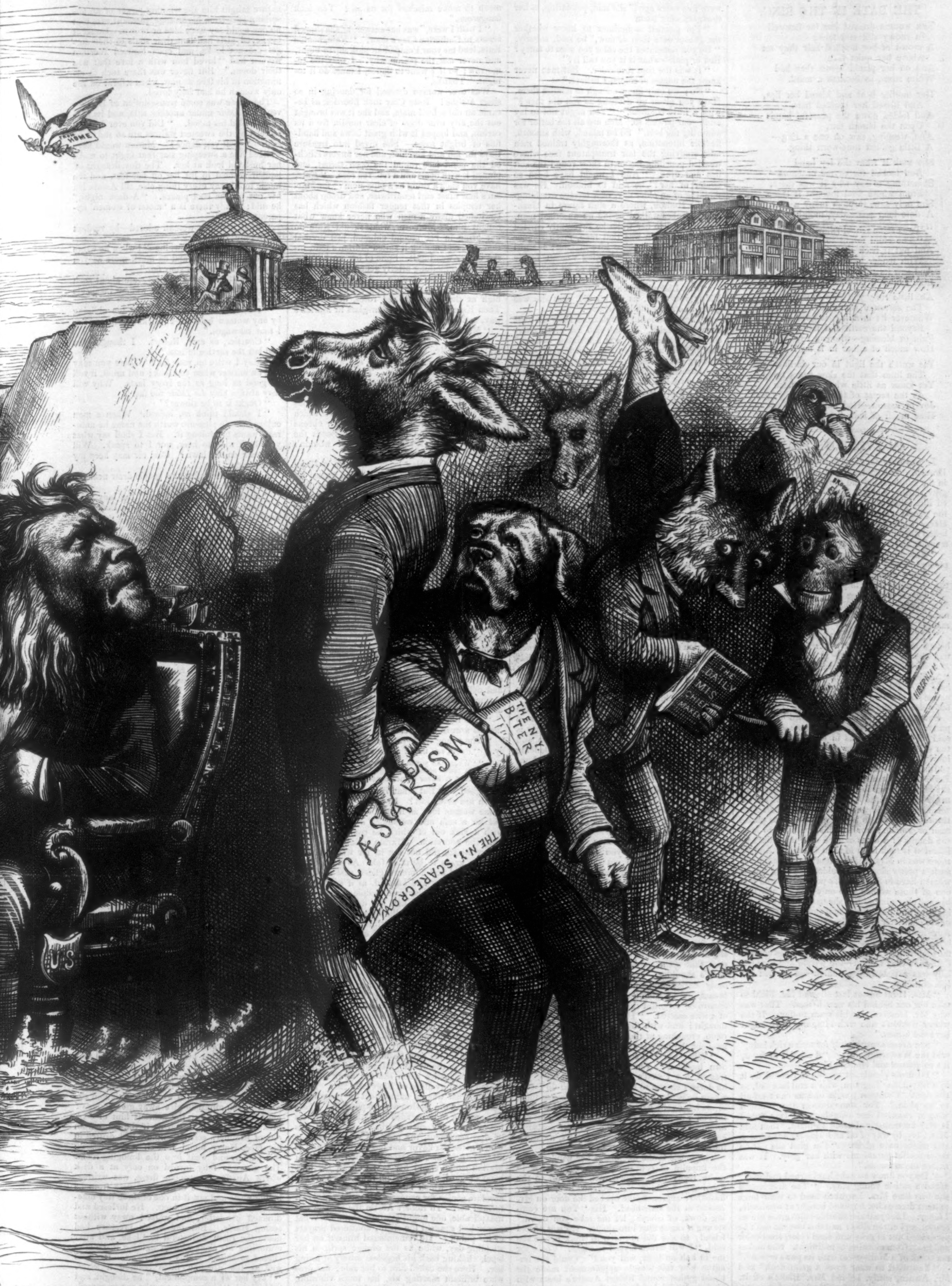
OUR MODERN CANU E AT

U. S. G. "I can no more proclaim myself Cæsar than I n com


HOME
CÆSARISM
THE N.Y. SCARECROW
THE N.Y. BITER
THE DAILY MISCHIEF MAKER
HIBERNIAN
U.S

UE AT LONG BRANCH.

I n compel the Atlantic Ocean to recede, and you know it."

THE DATE IN THE RING.

THE women dressed her for farewell
In snowy silk and lace;
A crown of her braided hair they set
Above her quiet face,
And on her placid breast they laid
White roses, as became a maid.

Her mother bent and kissed her lips,
And kissed her braided hair,
And folded down the peaceful hands
Upon the bosom fair,
And, weeping, saw on one a ring—
A little golden time-worn thing.

She took it from the icy hand
And looked for rhyme or name—
Something to say why it was there,
From whose fond thought it came.
She only saw, through many a tear,
A date long past—day, month, and year.

"'Twas some school-fellow's gift," she sighed,
"The child forgot to show,"
And put it back in its own place
With tender touch and slow,
And saw its tiny glitter rest
Like sunbeam on that pulseless breast.

Ah, little ring, you kept it well,
The secret of your date!
Whatever its meaning, it goes untold
Beyond the earth and fate:
Pain or blessing—who can say
How much of either in it lay?

We watch the light in our darlings' eyes,
The lines that the slow years bring,
Yet know as little what they mean
As the secret of the ring.
Joy or sorrow—God only knows
How much of both lies under the rose.

AN EVENING'S PLAY.

IT was time for the afternoon drive at Long Branch. The golden-green Jersey banks glowed in the sunshine beyond the dead white sand and gray shifting water. Maid and matron, arrayed like lilies, or, at least, like amaryllis, sat on the piazza commenting on the carriage parties. Harry Blake helped Florence Waring into his beach wagon, his wife coming down the steps with a smile, and a shawl they had forgotten.

"How do you like that?" asked a lady in purple and blue of her neighbor.

"These women will stand by their husbands through every thing in public."

"That's not saying they do it in private. Mrs. Bellew is well drilled. I fancy Hal would not stand much interference with his little amusements."

"If I had such a husband, flirting with a girl before my eyes, I'd get a bill from him!" It was the Western woman in rich drab poplin who spoke. "I'd like to see Dode" (Theodore) "treating me that fashion. I'd just say, 'See here, Sir; I'll take a seat in that team, if you please; and where I am there's no room for any body else in your account.' Yes, *Sir*, I'd do it!"

She spoke loud enough to be heard beyond the party. Presently Mrs. Blake came along, and said all the breeze was in that corner. From the side of a pillar then appeared, as quiet and inevitable as her shadow, Robert Austin, grave, polished, and rather weary-looking, as usual. Perhaps because a secret does violence to Nature, she takes revenge in causing hidden things to be made light to those least concerned. At least it was remembered by one person that Robert Austin was not given to laying out speech to please man or woman; nor was his eye used to scan the details of a dress or face with the quiet satisfaction it took from Marian Blake's. And all there was in Mrs. Blake out of the common was such a pretty slope of shoulder as young noblewomen have in Sir Joshua's portraits. She was one of those women who only lack an effort to become charming. But she had a habit of wearing gray and heliotrope, as if she wanted to dress in the character of a background, and, like most American women, offered up all warmth and brightness of color as a sacrifice well pleasing to the proprieties. A feeling of these things crossed Catherine Clay's mind—the purple and blue iris lady was a penetrating woman—as she led the sofa chit-chat.

"Mrs. Hunt has at last allowed Mr. Field to take her out behind his new horses. That was why Mr. Meserve lent his team to-day. If the widow wouldn't ride with him, any body might have the horses."

"She dresses very plainly for such a rich lady," said the Western woman. "I admire to see it, it's so genteel and eminent!"

"I'd dress plainly all my life if I could do it in a fifty-dollar Leghorn, with a real lace veil, as she does. Common people like us can't afford to be plain." For some reason the Western woman changed her neighbors. "Our friend is very becomingly dressed to-night," then said Mrs. Clay, by way of oil and wine for any scratch she might have given. "I'm glad she put on those scarlet geraniums with her gray. It was rather monotonous."

"Do you know how she has learned to dress?" asked a satiric young lady. "The first season she was here Mrs. Larrabee used to wear huge pattern dresses her husband bought at wholesale, I fancy. Last year she subsided into grass green, scarlet, and citron silks; and this one she can't be persuaded out of gray and steel-color, steel-color and gray, from morning to midnight. She makes me think of a Maltese cat with its paws crossed."

"You used to wear roses a great deal," said Mr. Austin, softly, behind Mrs. Blake's chair. "Do you remember Mrs. Key's garden-party, where you wore June roses, and the little Scotch ones you liked in the mornings?"

"How like ghosts the creatures seem that we were five years ago!" she said, pondering, as her thoughts went back.

"I'm puzzled sometimes to know whether the ghosts were then or now," he said, soberly. "Do you remember the color you used to fancy? Red or pink—what is it you call it?"

"It was the true rose-color. But men never know the names of colors, I believe."

"No; we only know enough to admire them. Have you given up dressing as you did then?" with a little boldness. "You ought not to lay aside your powers so. Men are all the better for admiring the best." So he talked, with smooth, flexible intonation, as thoroughly trained men talk, studying the fair transparent face where wearied penciling began to show round the soft lips and eyes. "And I would have been so tender of her!" he said to himself. He was thinking of an older day, of a terrace overhanging the Hudson, where a slim figure in blush-colored robes walked beside an absorbed man, who listened to her while he reverently carried her parasol. He was that man, much serener now than in his hopeless love-making; the girl was this thin, pathetic-looking woman beside him. Kate Clay arrested him as he was going when Mrs. Blake left them.

"Mrs. Blake is much improved this summer. Didn't you think, as we all did, that she was going into a decline last winter?"

"These wonderful complexions show the least change of health. I don't find her much altered, though she never was a striking woman." Making this answer on the principle of never praising one woman to another, he strolled away to the beach, where he stood studying the changes of the jewel-like sea as it rolled at sun-setting.

"It's a pity when a man loses his chance, as that one has," said Kate Clay, sagely. "If he had been on hand at the right time, or had more confidence in himself, he might have won the woman he wanted. Well, none of us have what we want. If we do, we get mortally tired of it!"

Mr. and Mrs. Blake found themselves together alone for a few indispensable minutes connected with hair-brushes on his part and affection on hers. She began her timid gossip.

"Mr. Austin says the Clelands are going to Mountain Gap next week. How I wish I could go on for a fortnight! I'd like so to see dear old Jessie Cleland, my bride-maid, you know."

"I don't like to thwart your reasonable plans, dear," was the answer; "but I thought you wanted to see the races, and the rooms are taken for a month to come. Besides, I can't think of sending you away from me," bending to give her a kiss. Treacherous kiss to him! Across his shoulder, on the smooth white melton, lay a long yellow hair, all waves and sunshine, that never had grown near Marian's brown head. The flush of pleasure at his infrequent caress grew cold on her cheek, but she gave no sign.

"I don't seem to care for any thing so much as seeing the Clelands," she said, almost childishly, keeping her cheek on his that she might better see the yellow hair that so tormented her. She was saying to herself, "Any where, any where out of his way."

"You're not looking well," was the masculine conclusion: he had not given her a full glance in three days. "You bathe when the water is too cold, and you mustn't do it. Lie down, and let me cover you up for a nap, before dancing begins;" and he turned the shade, thinking himself not quite, but very nearly, a model husband as he stole away. Down the corridor he hesitated before a door from which abundant perfumes were wafted, and tapped ever so lightly. A head of splendid golden hair, streaming in confusion and profusion over a white ruffled jacket, looked out.

"Never mind me, Florence. My wife has a headache, and perhaps you will do her and me the favor to keep me out of worse company while we go down to see the water." All this in a tone of elaborate politeness for the people who might hear through the ventilators. Golden-hair nodded approvingly, and answered, civilly, that she would be happy; and the interview closed.

With the last sound of his steps his wife had thrown off the light covering he had caressingly laid over her, and sprang from her couch. The slightest care from him was odious after she had seen that spiral golden hair lying on her husband's shoulder. Fancy would see the luxuriously curled and ruffled tresses so near his breast, and imagine the gaze he fixed on the enchantress, forgetful that the poor incumbrance of a wife existed. "He is gone to her," Marian thought; and with the word she was across the room, crouching at the door to listen. The next moment she jumped up, red and ashamed.

"What am I doing? Turning spy on my own husband? I'm very miserable, and ill-treated, but I won't do that! He is free. If he doesn't choose to be with me, what do I care where he is?" And then—but no eye was there to see her as she gave way—why should we venture on a woman's sorrow? Rather than let sun or moon shine on them, the stricken creatures creep away into the farthest shadows, unpitied, untended, till the hurt is over.

The music broke out under her window, and the impulse of conventionalism roused her to make ready to go down with the rest to the dancing. Looking out, woman-like, for her husband's approach, she opened the door on Mr. Austin at the stair-head. His "You are coming down, of course; let me take you down," sprung a vague idea into shape. He was an old friend; so she did not stop to think before she said, "I will dance myself to-night. Come for me in half an hour, will you?" Could she imagine how this simple appointment made the blood gather round Robert Austin's heart with an impulse he laughed at the next moment as pure idiocy!

"I'm half afraid to obey you," he jested, not quite knowing what he was saying. "Do you mean to make mischief for us all? You look dangerous."

"I wish I were," was her answer, as she slipped across to Catherine Clay's door. "Kate, bonnie Kate, lend me your Pompadour pink slip to-night, and never ask the reason why. I may die to-morrow; so if I want to dance, I must do it to-night. Thanks."

Was ever woman dressed for dancing in so short a time! Kate Clay took liberties, as became an old school-mate, and she it was brought out the airy over dress of clear muslin from its carton, and looped it with great bows and handfuls of bright roses. She dived into treasure trays for fan and kerchief, and her fingers stitched the point lace round the open throat, and pinned it with opals and a red, red rose. "Kate, have you such a thing as a pipe-stem?" for Marian's hair must curl tendrilwise, and droop about her temples in that tender fashion which has bewitched many a man who never knew what caught him. Moreover, what should Kate do but bring in her second chignon, just dressed that day, and finding it suited Marian's hair, insist on her wearing it. Spite of her worldliness, there was something utterly generous at the bottom of Kate Clay's nature. And if it did come out of a box, that coiffure of great curls, pinned high at the side with red roses, was elegant. Then Kate left a tiny liqueur-glass in Marian's way, and she looked into it.

"Maraschino! What for?"

"I always take a little before dancing," said Kate demurely. "It makes one feel so airy." Marian only stopped to think she would want all her nerve, and drank it. Then the insidious Mentor drew near with a towel curiously twisted at one corner. "The gas does try one's complexion so," she murmured, making mysterious dabs and passes at Marian's face, over which spread a pearly film. "Now lean your cheeks on your hands, and breathe deep. Sends the blood to your cheeks. *That* color wouldn't come off with a kiss!"

Mr. Austin, waiting below, strove to quell an idle tumult in his thoughts. He had waited for ladies' favors and won them till to him they were worth no more than waiting. Yet a flutter crossed every nerve each time he said over to himself Marian's command, "Wait for me half an hour." It would seem as if it were the garden on the Hudson, and Marian Fay of old coming to meet him. If she came, and could not go away! It seems the veriest madness to tell, yet the men who read this may verify it from their own experience. He hated himself for the insanity, yet none the less he longed for her step. A lady came to him presently, in a dress of pale rosy silk, which blood-red roses made magnificent in color. The hair dressed high in large soft curls gave a certain dignity to the pose of her head, yet tempted one to wish that he might gather their glossy plenty into his hand. Her eyes transparent with light, her cheeks fair, not pale, beside her glowing roses—this creature came down, her skirts rustling ever so slightly and deliciously, her ivory fan in rest, vanishing perfumes betraying her approach, as fair and fine as love's own wish.

"It is like the old time," said Austin, giving her his arm as in a dream.

"The young time, you mean," she said, archly. "Poets tell us 'it never comes again.'"

"'When the youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again,'"

he sighed. "But what if the dream and the youth are never lost? Here is a place for you. Some women look as if they were meant to be put on a sofa and worshiped *à la Récamier*," with a look out of which he could not wholly keep the adoration. Marian, thinking only of Harry Blake, did not see it, for which Austin had the grace to be thankful. As she looked, her husband and Florence glided past in a long level waltz, slow and finished, as if spun in the air. It was not strange people watched the stylish, splendid girl and her dashing partner. Marian's eyes hung on the beauty of the girl—her cheeks fresh and rose-crimson from the sea-air, light, lovely, golden-hazel eyes, aquamarine when steady, and that perfection of hair flowing over shoulders all the whiter near those flushed cheeks. She liked the waltz, and looked as if she liked it, a trifle more audacious than usual even with her, who lowered her flag to none. One braceleted arm lay along her partner's, the girlish bravery of handkerchief, ring, and lace tossed on his shoulder, whence he caught the odor of French jasmine; her rosy draperies fell round her crisp and graceful, and the young face shone brilliant as the day. Harry Blake's eyes were fixed on her as if he did not care to see any other face in the world. Marian did the girl no more than justice when she put down all that passed to vanity alone on Florence's part. Flirting with her was an amusement in place when billiards and the Boston were impossible. There was nothing to be dreaded in all these gallantries but—wives may answer what. Only the loss of that sentiment, the precious volatile essence which gives the flavor and bloom to love, and is all that distinguishes it from affection. To-night Marian would spend her best to draw her husband's regard, and show him there was a side to his moon of which he had not dreamed. An absolute genius for coquetry possessed and transformed her. To Robert Austin the change was inexplicable, one might say intoxicating. What power had granted the silent, unuttered prayers of his pillow? He remembered himself on her wedding-day, white as the orange sprig in his lapel, choking back his hopeless misery at losing her. Here she called him to her side; her eyes were brilliant meeting his, her tones vibrating with new sweetness he dared not translate. "Three hours with her to-night! Can't I make her remember me!" was the only thought of which he was conscious. Long ago his Southern nature taught him the winning power of an absorbing gaze from his strange, pleasant eyes that no one could say were blue or brown. Under it blue-eyed girls had lent their souls to their forget-me-not looks, and open-hearted Western women had "loved him with a love that was their doom." But never was there such determination in his face as now, when it bent on the only woman he had fully loved.

The music was some transcription of Beethoven's *Le Désir* under another title, and its sadness thrilled his mood. "Did you ever find the secret why the sweetest waltzes are so sad?" he said. "Will you dance?" Marian would have waltzed like a sweeping star that night to make her husband look at her. The tiny draught of liqueur seemed to lift her off her feet, and the music took away every thing else, till Austin led her out on the cool piazza. "A dark night," he said; "only there is a 'moon of women' apparent."

"That means a woman adored—by verdant youth only!"

"It means what Browning did when he wrote it—not a shade less, and as much more as you choose. Let me take your fan."

"How obliging you always were about such things! You used to think a woman incapable of carrying her own parasol."

"I never was accused of being too obliging by any woman before. If I was servile to you, I took no wages."

"Courtier, as ever, Robert. I thought you had left the service of late."

"May I write on your fan? There you may find an answer when you look; and mind, it will be good as long as the ivory lasts. Why will they always play *Le Désir* too fast!"

"Ought it to be slower?"

"I should think so, indeed. When a man enjoys his sole pleasure worth the name he naturally wants to prolong it. But I shall say what you don't wish to hear, nor I to speak. Will you walk on the lawn? Cool air may keep my head steady."

A few minutes after two people drew near the same window within.

"How slow that waltz was!" the lady said. "I want gayer music to dance by. Somebody has left her fan in the window here."

"It looks like my wife's," said the gentleman, negligently. "It's new for her to leave her things about so."

"What rich carving! Real Chinese work! I'm going to see what's written on these plain leaves. You always laugh at me for keeping an album on my fan."

"You won't find any thing on my wife's fan. Why don't women hang up porcelain slates like the doctors for sentimental scribblings? What's the matter?"—for Florence had dropped the fan, the jealous color burning in her cheeks. He took the fan and read, "Never more than your friend: never less than your slave."

"Poor Florence! She thinks it's my writing in some spooney moment. If she knew how May envies her!" But his brow darkened slightly as he read the words again. What cavalier dared write such compliments on his wife's fan? Thinking of this, his manner grew so cold and abstracted that Florence, piqued, went off to dance with tall, anxious, proper Willie Van Velt, who, she said, always behaved as if he wanted to set a good example to his ancestors.

Harry Blake, deserted, went to look for his wife. "Gone to walk," was Kate Clay's report. "She is well attended; Mr. Austin is with her." This last, thrown out with feminine malice, comforted Harry no more than she meant it should.

"You ought to insist on Marian's doing herself justice," persisted this diplomate of fan and kerchief. "Other people know she is fascinating, even if she doesn't. Mark Buchanan insists on an introduction. If you don't mind his flirting desperately with her, in ten minutes you can bring him to Mrs. Blake. I don't want the responsibility."

With a novel sense of neglect, Harry waited to see his wife come, rose-tinted and dewy-eyed, from the garden.

"The next dance but one," Austin said as he turned away.

"Not dancing, Harry?" was the only greeting a rather absorbed wife had for her husband.

"You promised me this mazourka, I think," broke in a courteous voice; and Marian swept away on Mark Buchanan's arm—Mark, whose brevet of "handsome" by the society papers, and his grand way of looking over people's heads, made women flutter at his notice.

Harry went to look at his wife. No wonder that slender, wand-like figure in pale pink silk, fine as a fairy, her heliotrope eyes rimmed with thick dark lashes, full of a dangerous candor, and burning clear, would draw people's regard, which men expressed in terms too warm for her husband's ear! Such a woman, subtle and expressive, can afford to give away great odds of mere beauty. After the gentlest hint of coolness from Florence, much as if the spray from one of Rimmel's scent fountains had drifted in his face, Harry found himself superfluous on this planet, and went into the lounging-room. The gas was fully turned on only at a desk where Austin, in evening dress, was writing. Harry saw him take a little red rose from its hiding-place and put it in one of those tiny note-books men are never without. He inclosed and directed his letter, and walked away without seeing Harry. But the man's presence had made the room distasteful to Blake, and after crumpling his cigar without lighting it, he concluded to smoke in his own room. His wife was at the dressing-table reading a letter. "'Try her wi' a compliment,'" he thought, and said, aloud, "Seems to me you're got up regardless, to-night, May. That dress is immensely becoming."

"Of course you'd think so, dear," was the sweet response, "if I had on a Quaker gown and cap."

"Oh, would I?" thought Harry.

"How interesting Mr. Buchanan can be!" said the lady, pinning up a stray tress here and there. "I always thought he was so stiff and distant till to-night."

"Humph! a man who keeps a journal of his experiences with women and counts his victims on his fingers!" sneered Harry.

"Oh, that's because you're jealous!" said the absent lady, smiling at something in her thoughts.

Harry took his second genuine surprise manfully.

"Your letter is from your mother, I suppose," he said, carelessly, drawing near enough to see that it was in a masculine hand.

"Or from my dress-maker, perhaps. I have two correspondents," composedly.

"Exactly! Your dress-maker was directing it in the smoking-room as I came up," he said, dryly.

"Why didn't you bring it up, and save the trouble of asking questions, then?" was the airy rejoinder.

"Aren't you going to let me see what your mother says? It is from her, I know," trying to speak as a matter of course.

"Harry Blake, you're growing curious in your old age! She says, '*Le petit chat est mort.*'"

"Marian, aren't you going to let me see that letter?" sternly.

"Oh yes, of course," holding it up in the gas-light to burn.

"How long since you began to play Frenchwoman? Have you changed your nature?"

"Perhaps I've only just found it out. I'm only a woman, Harry, like all the rest." As she spoke she left the room.

The last lines of the letter she had burned before her husband's eyes were: "For years I have worshiped you as distantly as a child might worship a star. If you have a shadow of regard in return, come to the south parlor a moment. I will wait for you half an hour."

The most dauntless man hesitates to sign such a letter as this.

A few moments only passed since a gentleman seated himself in the shaded niche by the mantel in the little room, when the door grew light and rich with a woman's presence. He sprang to meet her, and drew her toward him.

"You have come! Thanks for this!"

But Marian Blake drew back and laid her hands forbiddingly on his wrists. To Robert Austin they seemed like bars of iron between them. His manner was instantly subdued.

"I have come to ask you," said a clear voice, "why you thought you could write such a letter to me? Did you think I would accept it?"

"Forgive me," was all he could say.

"You thought because I amused myself, as other women do, for one evening, that I was ready to go the length of love-making. You must have thought I cared a great deal for my husband's feelings," said this woman, now speaking straight out of her heart.

"I thought," said Austin, gathering courage to defend himself, though he looked white and miserable, "that you might have found room in your heart for a love beside that you owed first allegiance to."

"Bah!" she cried. "Don't you know, for Harry Blake's sake, I'd see the rest of the world cut up in little pieces? I can't think of any body but him."

"Thanks," he said, with slight scorn, though his lips were drawn with pain. "That was a kind blow." He lifted his head, and looked her straight in the face as he spoke afterward.

"I would have given you my love, my very life, and asked only your friendship in exchange."

"Private theatricals?" said an uneasy voice that tried to be careless, as Harry stood at the door. A voyage of discovery had led him at last to the little parlor.

"The play is over," said Austin, turning his pale face full on Marian's husband, smiling. "Mrs. Blake has lost her fan, and we are to find it."

"Isn't that it, under the curtain?" cried May, adroitly letting it fall the moment before she spoke. To keep Austin's sad secret she would dare any feminine wile.

"Let me compliment you, Mrs. Blake, on your skill in playing leading lady," her husband said, satirically, unable to keep his serenity at that moment. "If it was misleading now, your success isn't so apparent"—drawing the ivory fan from his breast pocket as he spoke. That was plain enough for them all to understand. Harry turned away, ashamed of his outburst, when Austin spoke like one whose mind was made up.

"Don't you go, Blake. That's my part. It won't be news to you that, seeing the loveliest woman I ever knew, I was fool enough to admire her, though she was your wife. Mrs. Blake has been putting cold iron on the nerve of that folly. She has just assured me that she would be quite willing to devote the rest of the world to the infernal felicities for the sake of her husband. You are welcome to know it. Good-by, Mrs. Blake. Fate send you gentler lessons than yours to me." And with a mocking smile, he left them.

"You are more than half to blame for this, May," said this just husband.

"What made him speak?" cried May. "I wouldn't have told."

"I think I shall have to take you where I can have you a little more to myself," said her husband, meditatively, with his eyes on her, and putting a jealous arm round her.

"Don't," said the wife, with a little frown. "Somebody will see you."

"May—never mind whether I deserve it or not—did you tell Austin the truth about caring for me?" watching her.

"No!" with grand surprise; "of course I didn't. *Pas si bête!* And I'll thank you for my fan this minute."

She was a daughter of her century, and she always kept that ivory fan.

WORK AND WORRY.

IT is an old opinion that literary men, and brain-workers generally, have often inadequate notions in regard to the conditions of healthy work of the instrument which they employ. A handicraftsman is able to observe at a glance the very first indications of his tools getting the worse for wear, but it is by no means so easy a matter to tell at what point the brain has done enough of work. The indications of muscular exhaustion after labor are quite unmistakable, and the demand for rest correspondingly imperious. One can not afford to disregard the monitions of jaded body and aching limb. But the signs of brain-weariness in a healthy worker are by no means uniform or well defined, nor are they so urgent as to give rise to a peremptory demand for repose. The healthy thinker has seldom any feeling of mental fatigue referable to the brain, analogous to the uneasy sensation from wearied muscle. The long catalogue of symptoms, familiar to physicians, of exhaustion consequent on mental strain, develop themselves only after a prolonged course of overwork. They tell, in fact, not that the brain is tired merely, but that it is diseased. It is this absence of any unmistakably prohibitory sensation which makes it somewhat difficult to determine the point at which, for the time, mental work should be stopped.

The nearest thing to an indication that the brain has been working rather more than is good for it is the persistence in the mind, during the period of rest, of the thoughts which have engaged it during its condition of activity. After a good spell of hard work the brain-worker is often tormented by finding it difficult, all at once, to turn off the steam. His work-day thoughts *will* intrude themselves, in spite of every effort to keep them out. Each worker has usually a way of his own of endeavoring to get quit of these unwelcome guests. Thackeray generally succeeded in exorcising the creatures whom he had been calling into existence by the simple expedient of turning over the leaves of a dictionary. A great lawyer was in the habit, in similar circumstances, of plunging into a cold bath, and averred that a person never takes out of cold water the same ideas that he took into it.

A symptom of mental exhaustion quite allied in kind to the last, but indicative of a greater degree of mental strain, is persistent wakefulness. The fact, well known to every medical man, that persistent sleeplessness is frequently the precursor or initiatory stage of several most intractable maladies, physical and mental, always invests the presence of this indication of mental overstrain with grave interest. But a continued course of excessive mental labor generally manifests its effects on the mind itself in various ways, all more or less premonitory of approaching collapse. The brain-worker begins to perceive an unwonted want of clearness in his ideas; work becomes gradually less easy to him; he is alarmed at sudden awkward failures of memory; a feeling of surfeit or disgust will steal over him in the midst of work; he becomes unable long to fix his attention; and latterly feels as if all mental energy were crushed out of him. If these warnings of an overwrought brain, now speaking distinctly with the tongue of disease, are disregarded, the wonder frequently is not that the inevitable retribution follows, but that it should have been so long delayed. What particular form the Nemesis shall assume, whether of physical or mental disease, will be determined by accidents partly of personal habit and temperament, and partly of inherited predisposition. It is noteworthy, however, that the common opinion that excessive mental occupation gravitates toward insanity does not appear to be verified by facts. Indeed, one of the foremost of living English physicians doubts whether alienation of mind is ever the result of simple mental overstrain. It is to physical, not to mental derangement that excessive work of the brain generally gives rise. Insanity, he points out, finds the most suitable material for its development among our cloddish, uneducated classes; while the worst forms of physical disease are originated and intensified by our educated overstraining brain-workers.

It is not, however, the mere quantity of brain-work which is the chief factor in the production of disease. The emotional condition under which the work is performed is a far more important matter. A man of trained mental habits can bear with safety an almost incredible amount of brain toil, provided he is permitted to work without distraction or excitement, in the absence of disquieting cares and anxieties. It is not brain-work, in fact, that kills, but brain *worry*. The most pathetic picture in literary history of gradual mental collapse is that of Sir Walter Scott, as drawn by the pen of Lockhart. In his case, also, it is obvious enough that it was mental worry, and not mere hard work, to which the great intellect succumbed. He had the plainest premonitions of what was coming, but was unable to free himself from his habits of literary labor. Then came the occasional eclipse of his unrivaled powers. "Ever and anon," says Lockhart, "he paused and looked around him, like one half waking from a dream, mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze showed a momentary consciousness that, like Samson in the lap of Delilah, his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto another man. Then came the strong effort of aroused will—the clouds dispersed before an irresistible current of purer air—all was bright and serene as of old, and then it closed again in yet deeper darkness."

Every one knows what was the source of Scott's worry. Through negligence or simplicity of character he had incurred heavy obligations, which he was resolved to discharge, and that could only be done by hard, tasking brain-work. Another kind of worry among literary men, far from uncommon, is the ever-present consciousness that they are associated with family or other relationships which jeopardize their good name, and may bring about actual ruin. Many men would work with pleasure till the last, if not pestered and inconvenienced by persons and circumstances from which they can not properly shake themselves free—a circumstance carrying with it the obvious moral, that good care should be taken to avoid such involvements as will lead to what might be called a chronic state of worry.

It will appear, then, that brain-work, even hard brain-work, does not necessarily conduce to disease. If, in any given case, it is productive of this result, it will invariably be found, on investigation, that the work has been done under injurious emotional conditions, such as the distractions arising from anxiety, hurry, or the pressing sense of responsibility. Of all the organs of the body the brain is the hardiest, the most capable of exceeding its ordinary duties with impunity. Any extraordinary exertion thrown on the other organs is sooner or later emphatically resented. The quality of the brain which is most conservative of its health is its versatility. One part of the organ may be fresh, while another is jaded, and it has the power of resting in parts that are exhausted, while it continues active in those parts that are still vigorous. One of the secrets of safe continued brain-work is to vary frequently the kind of mental occupation. This is a species of mental gymnastics by which all parts of the organ of thought are exercised in turn. Even in many cases of cerebral exhaustion, change of work is probably preferable to complete cessation from mental toil. The mind can not lie long fallow without bringing forth weeds. Through want of employment it becomes relaxed in tone, less amenable to discipline, and less fitted for steady work.

HOW?

PERHAPS I *am* a little too hasty, a little too ready to light up at a minute's notice; but there are some words that seem to me to carry an especial grain of gunpowder in them, and the above is one o' the sort. To have a person, after you've been through a long explanation, put his fingers to his mental ears and query you thus, or, worse still, "Haow?" is too exasperating for human nature to bear. But that is what John Stringer did to me, bending his head a little nearer, and speaking in an absent, aggravating manner that tantalized me beyond words.

You see, John Stringer and I were engaged; we'd been engaged for a long time, and perhaps had got to be a little too matter o' course to each other.

We were sitting there over the fire, after the old folks had gone to bed, and I fell to telling him about Sophie Mills's wedding—her white silk dress, her bride-cake, and her bride-maids frosted all over to match it, and I ended this way:

"But it don't make any difference, John, to people that love each other; all that's o' no more account than last year's snow-drift. *They* could be married in calico and homespun, with their feet on a rag carpet like this, and love each other just as well."

"How?" said John, absently. He was watching the coals flicker up and die out again, and picking up a stray chip now and then to fling on the embers—a fashion he had when he was thinking.

Now I had had the headache all day, and I guess I was rather more tindery than usual, though I didn't think so then; but when John bent his great broad shoulders over, as if he hadn't heard a word I said, and, in fact, had something better to occupy his mind, I just fired up, first, and then the blaze died down into sulks, and when we parted that night John and I had had our first and last quarrel.

My heart did not misgive me that when I saw John's great tall figure going out the door, it was the last time he'd lift the latch for many a year; but so it was.

You see, I held my head pretty high in those days, and I wouldn't show that I was a bit cut up about it, so I paired off with Mrs. Plumber's Jesse, a likely, spruce young fellow enough, but no more to be compared with John than a cockle-shell is to a brigantine.

Oh, well, mother sighed, and tried right hard to bring us together again, but it wasn't to be.

John was a powerful, muscular man, and I used to see him go up the road many a time when I was out in the shed milking, and, peeping out at him through the chinks, I thought his broad shoulders stooped more than ever, and his figure was growing more stalky like. Such an awkward fellow as John was! I came near rushing out on him once, in my sun-bonnet and with my sleeves rolled up, and flinging my arms right round his neck; but John liked to see folks tidy, and I never did it.

Jesse Plumber was the beau o' the village—dapper, neat, and dainty as you please; and all the girls thought I had come to my senses when I ousted 'em o' Jess. And by-and-by it was Jess that came sparking o' nights, and sat o' winter evenings over the embers, and he was so soft-spoken and pleasant that even mother forgot her vexation. (She always set store by John, mother did.) Well, in the spring we were married, Jess and me, and I had a string o' pearls and a real silk bridal dress, and I felt kind o' lifted like when the girls crowded round me and hoped I'd be happy. I hoped so too: I wasn't sure of it.

Remembering the days that came after, I can't recall one hard word I ever heard from Jess. We weren't near enough to each other to quarrel; we just laid apart like two odd volumes; there wasn't any fire 'twixt us, nor any thing 'twixt us, either love or laughing, whereas John and I had always been bubbling over one way and another.

I worked hard, for my silk dress and necklace were all I had of riches; and I cut up the gown one day to make a cloak for the baby. You see, I couldn't give up my pride, and was just as high-spirited as ever. But our farm didn't prosper, and Jess didn't prosper; and Mrs. Plumber came to live with us, to look after things, she said; and she got to pitying him every now and then for marrying a poor wife, and—oh, well, what's the use o' talking?—sometimes I couldn't help wishing John Stringer's strong shoulders were at the wheel, when I was working myself to death morning and night for nothing.

Then when baby grew bigger I took to teaching an A B C class, as I used to before I was married; but what little I knew had run wild since then, and I couldn't keep the boys straight somehow; and the girls didn't care about samplers, for the sewing-machine had ridden right over every thing. Then Jesse fell ill o' the fever, and with all the fuming and fretting and nursing of his mother, and with all my watching day and night, somehow he slipped off between us. And I found myself a widow, with the ill-fared, wasted farm on my hands, and Mother Plumber drizzling and maundering after Jess in a way to break my heart.

But I kept my spirit up yet, and I advertised half the place for sale at the court-house; for if I could sell it we should skin through somehow on an acre or two, I thought.

Well, who do you suppose came over one sunny afternoon as I was sanding the kitchen? Who, to be sure, but John Stringer, large as life—a little gray mayhap, and a little more angular, but keen and strong as ever. He'd a use for that bit o' land, it seemed, and had had his eye on it along back. "Always was wanting what wasn't his," Mother Plumber said. She owed him a grudge for being more forehanded than Jess.

It took a deal of looking after and lawyering and surveying and the Lord knows what to settle it; and I used to see John Stringer's stooping shoulders and broad felt hat down just beyond the rise of the meadow time and again. But he scarce ever came near the door, till one day—I can't tell how it was—when the settlements were to be made, I just took baby up stairs and had a good cry; for that bit o' land had been Jesse's favorite piece, and Mother Plumber had been harrying me all day about it.

"The ways o' Providence are *so* strange!" said Mother Plumber, laying her specs down atop o' the big Bible, and putting on that awfully patient air which was wearing me to skin and bone—"past finding out. Now if Jess had married Sophie Mills that was, and you—"

But I did not wait to hear any more. As I say, I just caught up baby and went off to the garret. And while I sat by the cobwebbed window Mrs. Barret—Sophie Mills that was—went riding by in their new spring wagon, she and her half dozen children, round and rosy as a barrel of apples. Sophie nodded and smiled to some one coming up the road; and looking along, I saw John Stringer walking, thoughtful like, right up to our gate, just as he used to come in courting days—for John never had any foolish ways about him. I saw Sophie look back at him as she and the children, with their fluttering ribbons and gay ginghams, disappeared at the turn o' the road. Then I smoothed my hair and washed my face and went down. The time of settlement had come, I knew.

"Mary Ann," said John, gravely, "the lawyer will be here presently; but I reckon we can make it all clear in our own minds without his help. And I've—I've settled it, in fact, that there are certain conditions on which I'll take the land—if you agree."

Then I flew into a passion. "You've been long enough making up your mind," says I. "I don't throw my land at any body's feet, and I haven't asked any favors of you, leastways, John Stringer."

"Softly, there, softly!" says John, putting out his hand. "Don't be in a flurry, little woman."

"John Stringer," says I, all in a heat, "you're just the same man you was years ago when you thought I was always firing up every time you got out o' temper yourself."

"And weren't you, little woman?" said John, quite gravely. "Don't women folks always like their own way better than any thing else?"

"You don't know any thing about women," I cried, "any more than you did then. You thought I wanted silks and furbelows more than—than—"

"Than you did me," said John; "and right enough you was, too, if you could ha' got 'em. *I* always said so, Mary Ann."

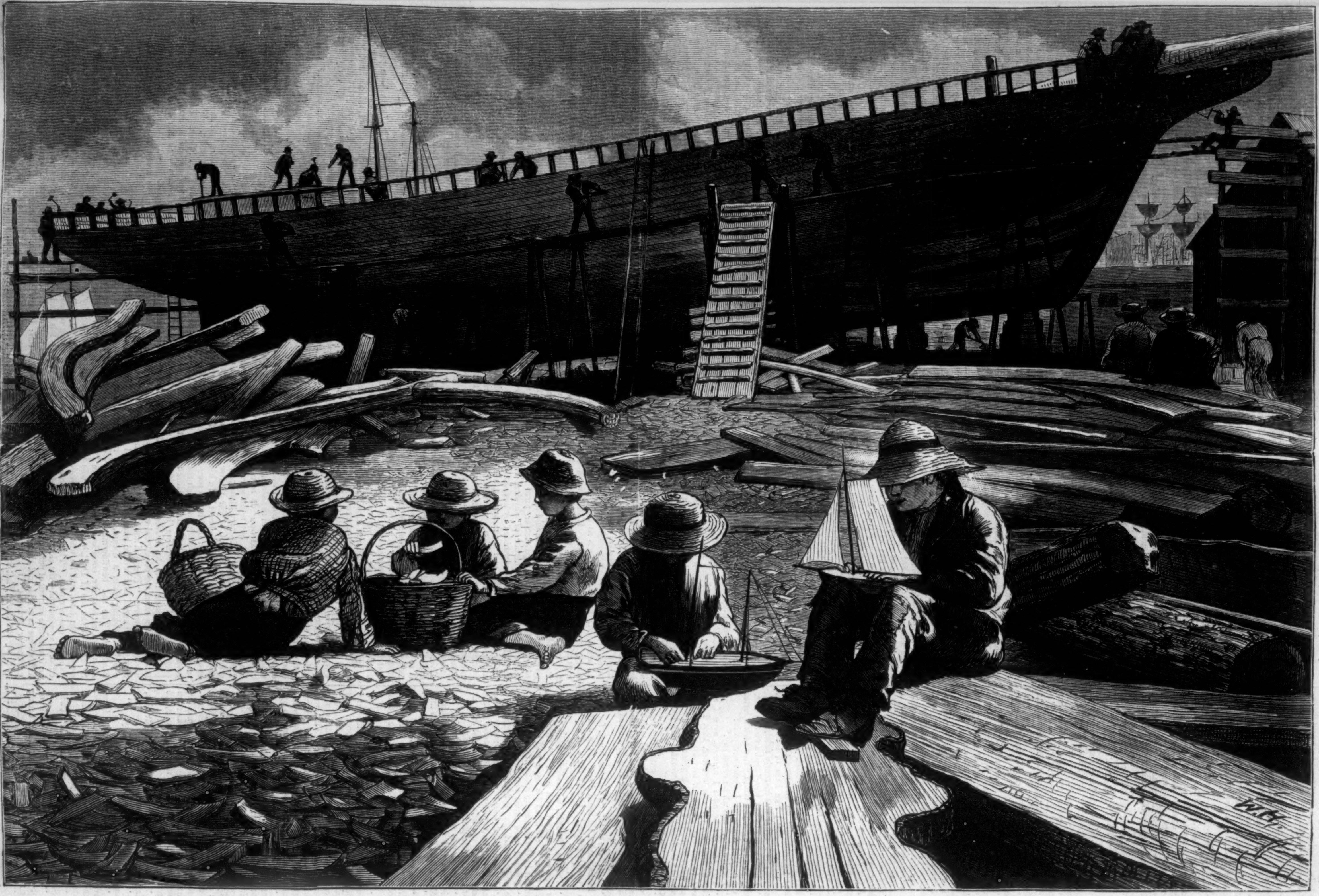
"Any man with half an eye would have known better," says I, hotly.

"How?" said John. His great hulking figure lifted itself up, and he looked at me with those sharp brown eyes that used to give me a start in the old times. "How?" he repeated, softly. "Do you mean to say I was mistaken years ago?" His big brown hand was all of a tremble as he held it out to me. "Little woman, little woman," says he, "let's ha' done with it all now, and let it all be as if it never was."

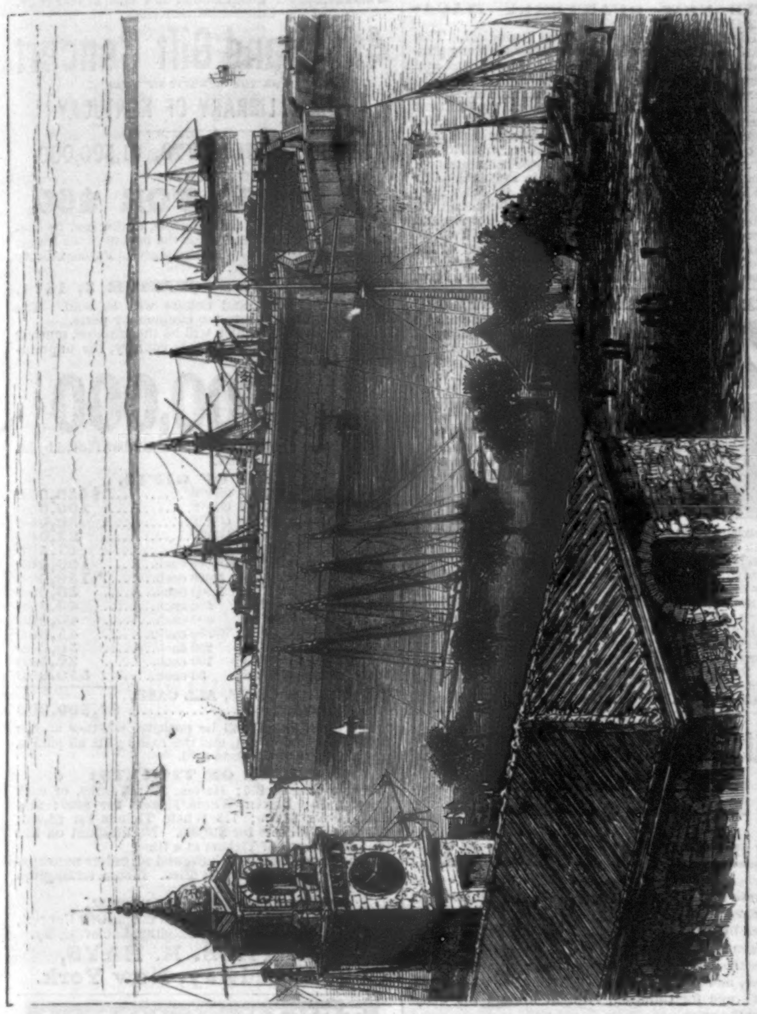
Presently Mother Plumber put her head in the door. "'Pears to me that lawyer's making a long spell of it," says she. "Ben't you a'most tired o' waitin' for him, Mr. Stringer?"

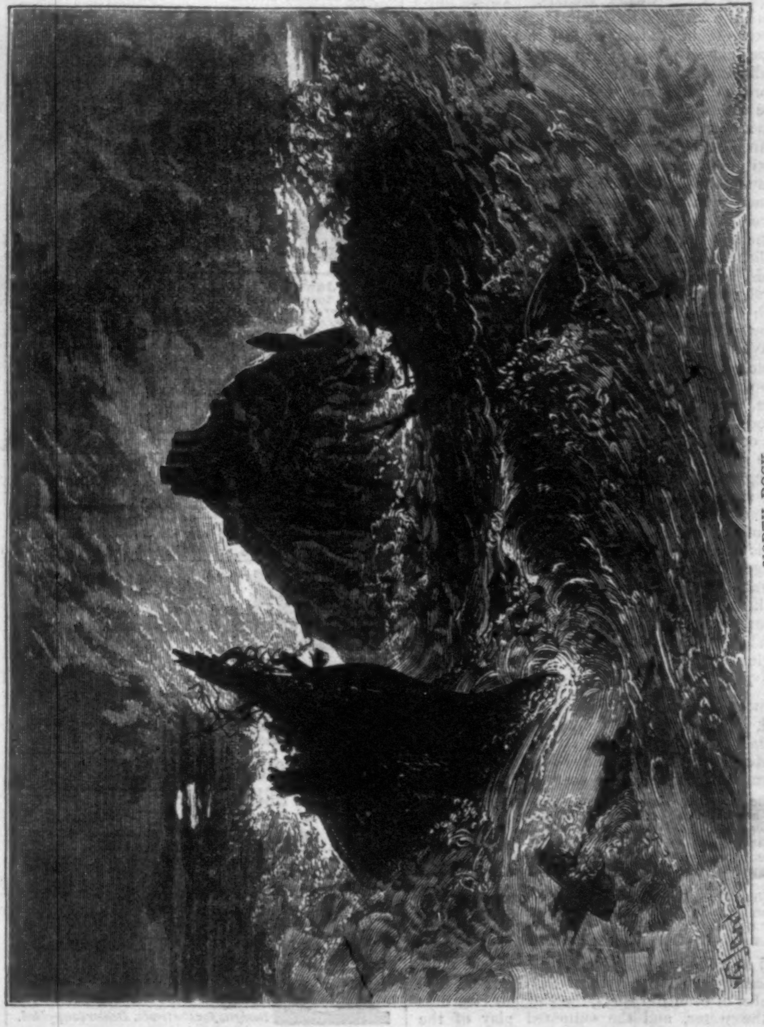
"I guess we've settled it pretty much without the lawyer," says John, rising; "and that is the condition I had to propose, Mary Ann—to take you and the meadow land together."

And he did.



SHIP-BUILDING, GLOUCESTER HARBOR.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See Page 902.]

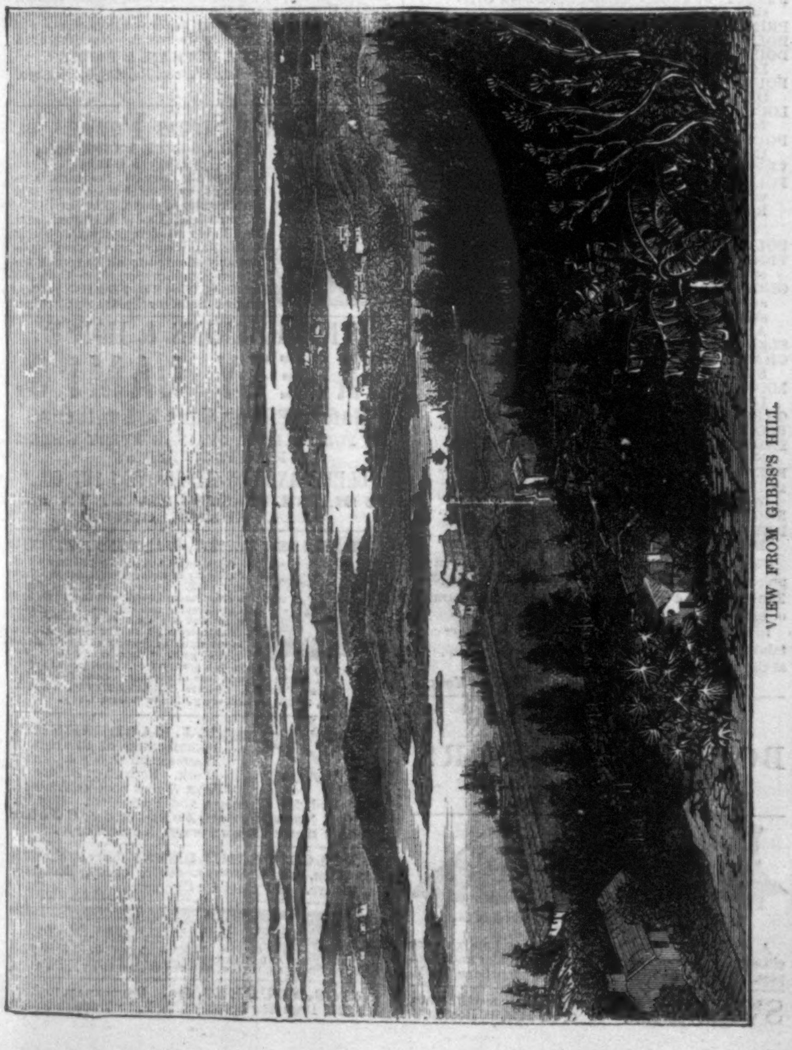

FLOATING DOCK.

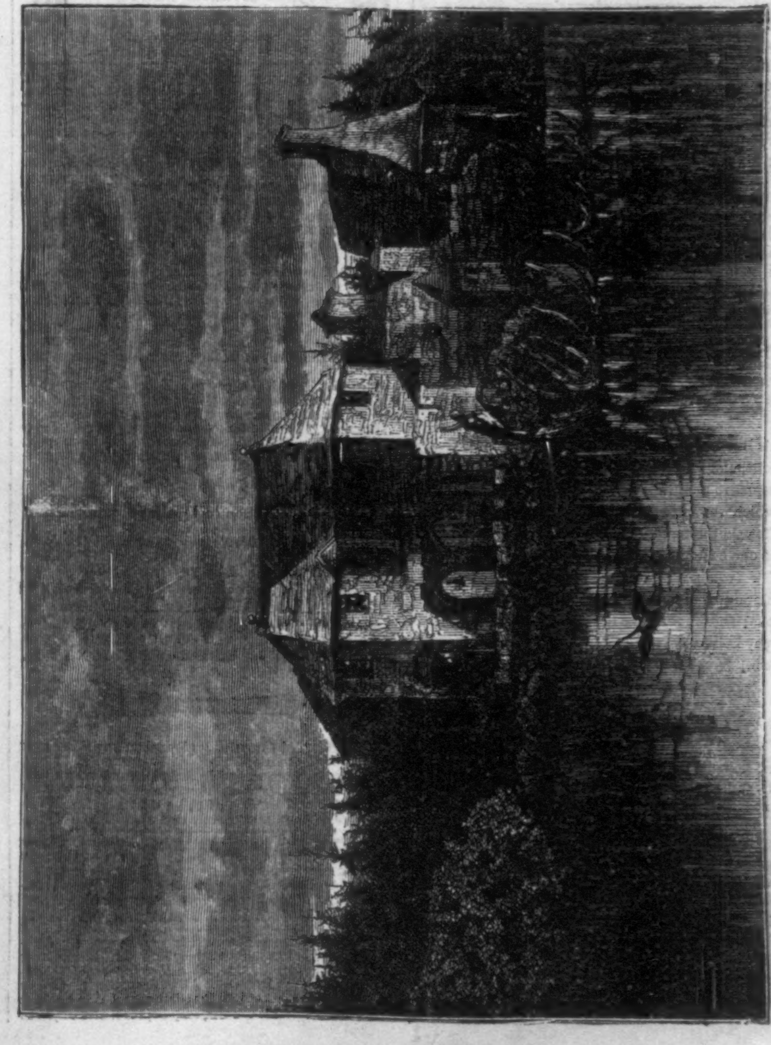

NORTH ROCK.

SKETCHES IN BERMUDA.

The Bermudas are a group of small islands about 300 in number, in the North Atlantic Ocean, belonging to Great Britain. They are situated in 32° north latitude and 64° west longitude, and are about 550 miles southeast of Cape Hatteras. There are about 12,000 inhabitants, of whom three-fifths are blacks. The islands are of low elevation, the highest point, Gibbs's Hill, where the light-house stands, and which forms the subject of one of our illustrations, scarcely rising to a height of 200 feet. This engraving will show the lake-like character of the scenery, from the nearness of the islands to each other. They are almost every where surrounded by extensive coral reefs, and being provided with excellent and capacious harbors—that of St. George could accommodate the whole British navy—they have become a leading maritime station. Bermuda is one of the oldest English colonies, its representative government dating back to 1620. There are a Legislative Council and Assembly, and numerous churches, chapels, and schools. The cultivation is rather of a garden than of a farm character. The arrowroot is the best in the world, the oranges are very fine, and sweet-potatoes, onions, and other produce are exported. The seas abound in fish, of which the natives are expert catchers; poultry and veal are also plentiful. The climate almost realizes the idea of a perpetual spring, but, owing to the extreme dampness, is very relaxing to Europeans. In the winter northwest gales prevail, which do great damage to shipping in the adjoining seas, and prove the justice of Shakspeare's epithet, "the still-vexed Bermoothes." Although for years together the place is almost entirely free from actual disease, it is one great grave-yard. Apart from its naval and military value, it has only its beauty to recommend it, and that is the beauty of a gilded sepulchre. The inhabitants are wreckers of the worst description, and the number of vessels lost on the reefs every year is enormous. An old negro was heard to say, regretfully, "Afore that 'ere light-house was built, we had thirty wrecks for one we have now." The islands are so small, and so intersected by arms of the sea, that it would be difficult to cut a square mile out of the biggest of them, and owing to this cause, and their low latitude, the atmosphere is that of a Turkish bath. Most Europeans break down after a year or two, not from actual illness, but from sheer weakness and exhaustion. The soldier who is sent here becomes a navvy and a bricklayer, a "hewer of stone and a drawer of water." His sole employment is to raise up fortifications, and as the pay is heavy, the work hard, and the climate depressing, drunkenness and suicide are fearfully rife. The commonest appliances of civilization are unknown, there is no drainage, and the garrison town of St. George is a hot-bed of disease.

The sketch of North Rock should be more


VIEW FROM GIBBS'S HILL.


WALSINGHAM HOUSE.

properly styled Castle Islands. These rocks guard the entrance to Castle Harbor, which lies between them. The boundary reef at this point comes close in shore, and in rough weather the prodigious waves of the Atlantic roll in almost unbroken until they reach the islands, joining here with the reflux on either side, and jammed into a narrow channel, they rise perpendicularly to an incredible height. The islands are almost destitute of vegetation, but are covered with the remnants of old fortifications long since abandoned. On the largest stands a low octagonal tower, rising from a circle of ruins. The soft stone is fast crumbling away; it is tenanted only by lizards and land-crabs; and the "boatswain-birds," with their long tails, and uttering their harsh croak, swoop round about it. Never was such desolation. The only access to the island is by a flight of steps hewn out of the rock.

Walsingham House, depicted in one of the sketches, was for a year the residence of THOMAS MOORE, the poet. It is a quaint old gabled edifice, standing alone, buried in the dark cedar woods, washed on one side by the sea, and on the other by a tiny salt lake set in a bed of rock. The surface is littered with the dead leaves of mangroves, which spring out of it on their arching stems. The cedars, dead and silvered, or green and living, rise from an impenetrable tangle of fern and brush-wood. How they grow at all is a wonder, for there is no soil, only rock, jagged and sharp as the teeth of a saw. Innumerable fish, rainbow-tinted, dart through the dark waters, and here and there a turtle floats leisurely along. Hard by is the well-known "calabash," to which the poet refers in the verse beginning,

> "'Twas thus, by the shade of a calabash-tree."

Prince ALFRED paid it a visit a few years ago, and, like a true-born Englishman, carved his initials on the trunk.

MOORE was enthusiastic about the beauties of Bermuda. In one of his poems he writes thus:

> "The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
> When the first perfume of a cedar hill
> Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms
> The fairy harbor wooed us to her arms.
> Gently we stole before the languid wind,
> Through plantain shades that like an awning twined,
> While far reflected, o'er the wave serene,
> Each wooded island sheds so soft a green
> That the enamored keel, with whispering play,
> Through liquid herbage seemed to steal its way."

And he adds in prose: "Nothing can be more romantic than the harbor of St. George. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding forever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar grove into another, form altogether the sweetest miniature of nature that can be imagined."

The floating-dock, which created such a sensation four or five years ago, is one of the wonders of Bermuda. It completely dwarfs the surrounding islands, and some idea of the vast size may be gained by the fact that the *Royal Alfred*, a ship of over 6000 tons, was successfully docked there last year.

There is a theory, not much worse than many others which obtain credence, that Bermuda is supported on one great coral stem. What a suggestion is here offered to the reflective mind! Surely in these days of deep-sea torpedoes something may yet be done!

SHIP-BUILDING.

OUR illustration on page 900 is engraved from a sketch recently made in Gloucester Harbor, of which we gave a view in a late number of the *Weekly*. The picture speaks for itself, and is interesting not only as a work of art, but as a suggestion of the renewed enterprise and activity which are beginning to manifest themselves in American ship-yards. All along our immense line of coast may be seen indications which awaken the hope that America will soon resume her former supremacy in the building of ships. With her immense resources of coal, iron, and wood, with abundant and intelligent labor at her command, there is no reason why she should not take the lead of all nations in this important branch of industry.

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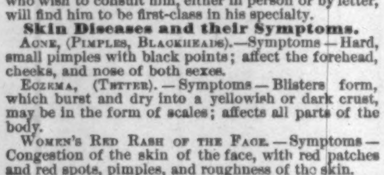

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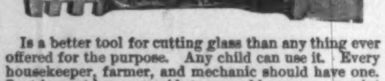

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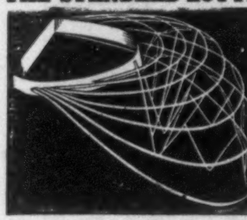

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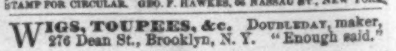
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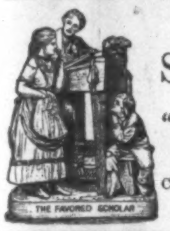

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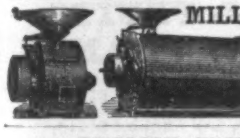

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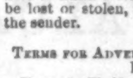

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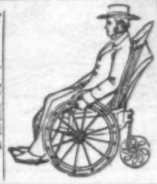

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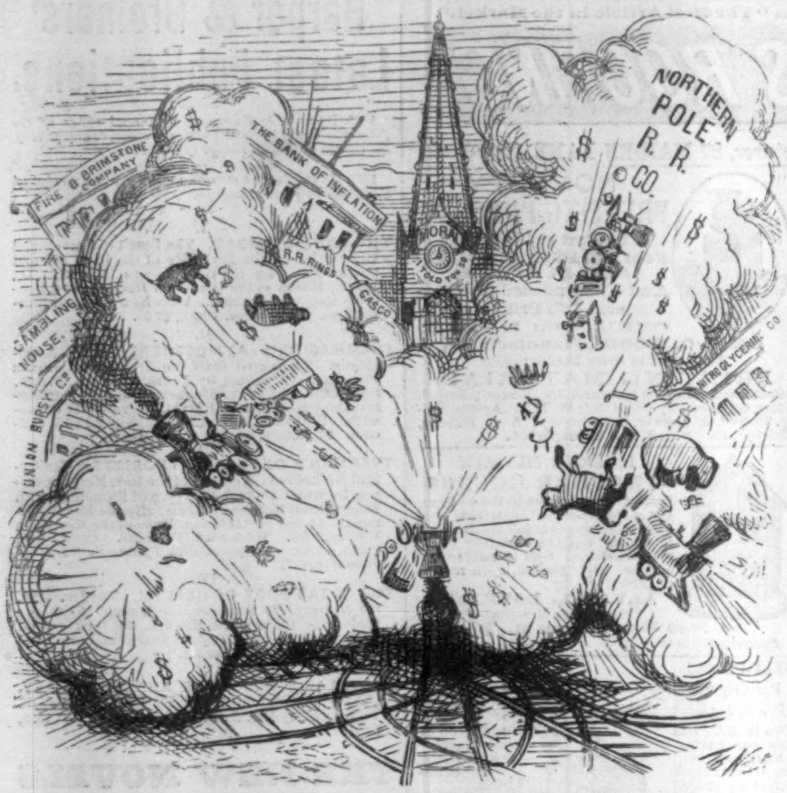

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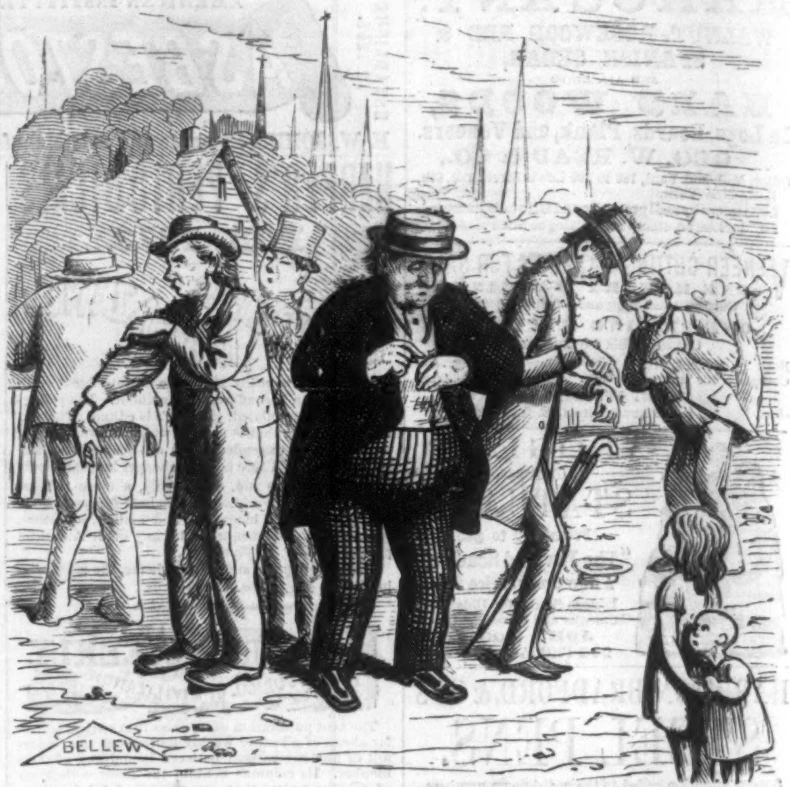

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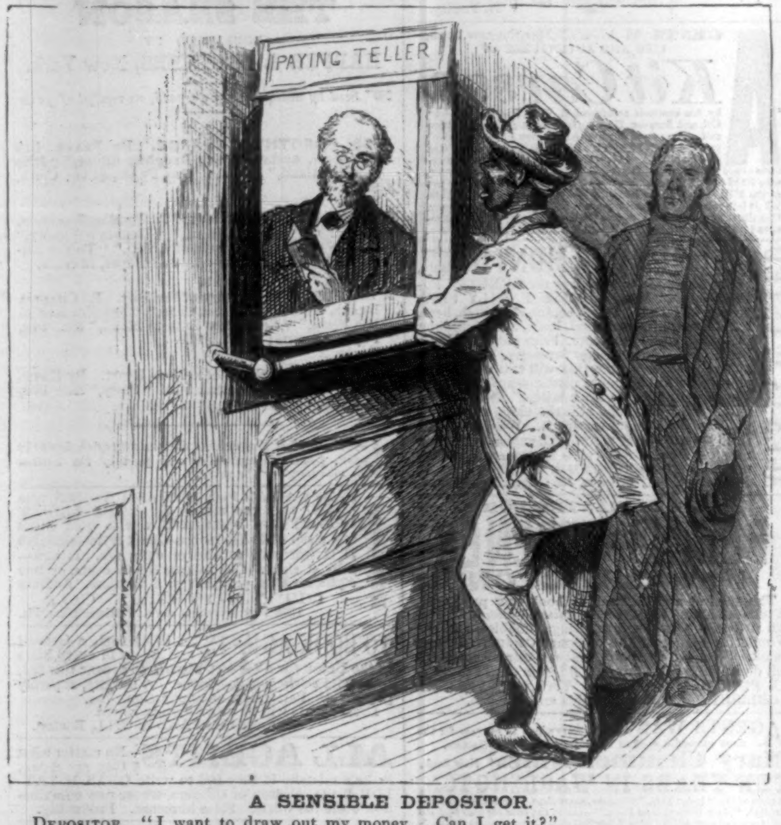

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[Continued from No. 875, Page 884.]

PHINEAS REDUX.

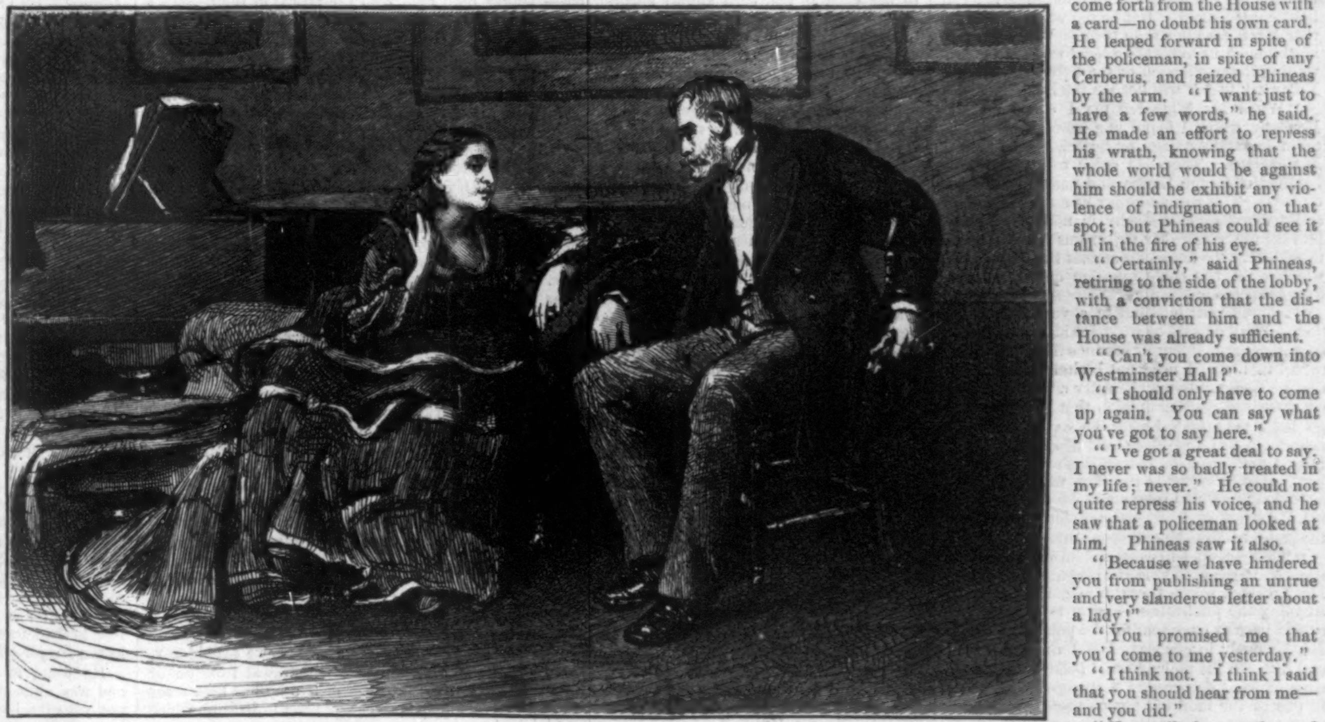
By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "LADY ANNA," "HE KNEW HE WAS RIGHT," "ORLEY FARM,"
"PHINEAS FINN," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON,"
"CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?" Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN EDITOR'S WRATH.

On that Sunday evening in London Mr. Low was successful in finding the Vice-Chancellor, and the great judge smiled and nodded, listened to the story, and acknowledged that the circumstances were very peculiar. He thought that an injunction to restrain the publication might be given at once upon Mr. Finn's affidavit; and that the peculiar circumstances justified the peculiarity of Mr. Low's application. Whether he would have said as much had the facts concerned the families of Mr. Joseph Smith and his son-in-law Mr. John Jones, instead of the Earl of Brentford and the Right Honorable Robert Kennedy, some readers will perhaps doubt, and may doubt also whether an application coming from some newly fledged barrister would have been received as graciously as that made by Mr. Low, Q.C. and M.P.—who would probably himself soon sit on some lofty legal bench. On the following morning Phineas and Mr. Low—and no doubt also Mr. Vice-Chancellor Pickering—obtained early copies of the *People's Banner*, and were delighted to find that Mr. Kennedy's letter did not appear in it. Mr. Low had made his calculation rightly. The editor, considering that he would gain more by having the young member of Parliament and the Standish family, as it were, in his hands than by the publication of a certainly libelous letter, had resolved to put the document back for at least twenty-four hours, even though the young member neither came nor wrote as he had promised. The letter did not appear, and before ten o'clock Phineas Finn had made his affidavit in a dingy little room behind the Vice-Chancellor's Court. The injunction was at once issued, and was of such potency that should any editor dare to publish any paper therein prohibited, that editor and that editor's newspaper would assuredly be crumpled up in a manner very disagreeable, if not altogether destructive. Editors of newspapers are self-willed, arrogant, and stiff-necked, a race of men who believe much in themselves and little in any thing else, with no feelings of reverence or respect for matters which are august enough to other men; but an injunction from a Court of Chancery is a power which even an editor respects. At about noon Vice-Chancellor Pickering's injunction was served at the office of the *People's Banner* in Quartpot Alley, Fleet Street. It was done in duplicate—or perhaps in triplicate—so that there should be no evasion; and all manner of crumpling was threatened in the event of any touch of disobedience. All this happened on Monday, March the first, while the poor dying Duke was waiting impatiently for the arrival of his friend at Matching. Phineas was busy all the morning till it was time that he should go down to the House. For as soon as he could leave Mr. Low's chambers in Lincoln's Inn he had gone to Judd Street to inquire as to the condition of the man who had tried to murder him. He there saw Mr. Kennedy's cousin, and received an assurance from that gentleman that Robert Kennedy should be taken down at once to Lough Linter. Up to that moment not a word had been said to the police as to what had been done. No more notice had been taken of the attempt to murder than might have been necessary had Mr. Kennedy thrown a clothes-brush at his visitor's head. There was the little hole in the post of the door with the bullet in it, just six feet above the ground; and there was the pistol, with five chambers still loaded, which Macpherson had cunningly secured on his return from church, and given over to the cousin that same evening. There was certainly no want of evidence, but nobody was disposed to use it.



"SHE PUSHED HER HAIR BACK FROM HER FACE IN A MANNER HE REMEMBERED WELL IN FORMER DAYS."

At noon the injunction was served in Quartpot Alley, and was put into Mr. Slide's hands on his arrival at the office at three o'clock. That gentleman's duties required his attendance from three till five in the afternoon, and then again from nine in the evening till any hour in the morning at which he might be able to complete the *People's Banner* for that day's use. He had been angry with Phineas when the Sunday night passed without a visit or letter at the office, as a promise had been made that there should be either a visit or a letter; but he had felt sure, as he walked into the city from his suburban residence at Camden Town, that he would now find some communication on the great subject. The matter was one of most serious importance. Such a letter as that which was in his possession would no doubt create much surprise, and receive no ordinary attention. A *People's Banner* could hardly ask for a better bit of good fortune than the privilege of first publishing such a letter. It would no doubt be copied into every London paper, and into hundreds of provincial papers, and every journal so copying it would be bound to declare that it was taken from the columns of the *People's Banner*. It was, indeed, addressed "To the Editor of the *People's Banner*" in the printed slip which Mr. Slide had shown to Phineas Finn, though Kennedy himself had not prefixed to it any such direction. And the letter, in the hands of Quintus Slide, would not simply have been a letter. It might have been ground-work for, perhaps, some half dozen leading articles, all of a most attractive kind. Mr. Slide's high moral tone upon such an occasion would have been qualified to do good to every British matron, and to add virtues to the Bench of Bishops. All this he had postponed, with some inadequately defined idea that he could do better with the property in his hands by putting himself into personal communication with the persons concerned. If he could manage to reconcile such a husband to such a wife—or even to be conspicuous in an attempt to do so—and if he could make the old Earl and the young member of Parliament feel that he had spared them by abstaining from the publication, the results might be very beneficial. His conception of the matter had been somewhat hazy, and he had certainly made a mistake. But, as he walked from his home to Quartpot Alley, he little dreamed of the treachery with which he had been treated. "Has Phineas Finn been here?" he asked, as he took his accustomed seat within a small closet, that might be best described as a glass cage. Around him lay the débris of many past newspapers, and the germs of many future publications. To all the world except himself it would have been a chaos, but to him, with his experience, it was admirable order. No; Mr. Finn had not been there. And then, as he was searching among the letters for one from the member for Tankerville, the injunction was thrust into his hands. To say that he was aghast is but a poor form of speech for the expression of his emotion.

He had been "done"—"sold"—absolutely robbed by that wretchedly false Irishman whom he had trusted with all the confidence of a candid nature and an open heart! He had been most treacherously misused! Treachery was no adequate word for the injury inflicted on him. The more potent is a man, the less accustomed to endure injustice, and the more his power to inflict it, the greater is the sting and the greater the astonishment when he himself is made to suffer. Newspaper editors sport daily with the names of men of whom they do not hesitate to publish almost the severest words that can be uttered; but let an editor be himself attacked, even without his name, and he thinks that the thunder-bolts of heaven should fall upon the offender. Let his manners, his truth, his judgment, his honesty, or even his consistency, be questioned, and thunder-bolts are forth-coming, though they may not be from heaven. There should certainly be a thunder-bolt or two now, but Mr. Slide did not at first quite see how they were to be forged.

He read the injunction again and again. As far as the document went he knew its force, and recognized the necessity of obedience. He might, perhaps, be able to use the information contained in the letter from Mr. Kennedy, so as to harass Phineas and Lady Laura and the Earl, but he was at once aware that it must not be published. An editor is bound to avoid the meshes of the law, which are always infinitely more costly to companies, or things, or institutions than they are to individuals. Of fighting with Chancery he had no notion; but it should go hard with him if he did not have a fight with Phineas Finn. And then there arose another cause for deep sorrow. A paragraph was shown to him in a morning paper of that day which must, he thought, refer to Mr. Kennedy and Phineas Finn. "A rumor has reached us that a member of Parliament, calling yesterday afternoon upon a right honorable gentleman, a member of a late Government, at his hotel, was shot at by the latter in his sitting-room. Whether the rumor be true or not we have no means of saying, and therefore abstain from publishing names. We are informed that the gentleman who used the pistol was out of his mind. The bullet did not take effect." How cruel it was that such information should have reached the hands of a rival, and not fallen in the way of the *People's Banner!* And what a pity that the bullet should have been wasted! The paragraph must certainly refer to Phineas Finn and Kennedy. Finn, a member of Parliament, had been sent by Slide himself to call upon Kennedy, a member of the late Government, at Kennedy's hotel. And the paragraph must be true. He himself had warned Finn that there would be danger in the visit. He had even prophesied murder—and murder had been attempted! The whole transaction had been, as it were, the very goods and chattels of the *People's Banner*, and the paper had been shamefully robbed of its property. Mr. Slide hardly doubted that Phineas Finn had himself sent the paragraph to an adverse paper, with the express view of adding to the injury inflicted upon the *Banner*. That day Mr. Slide hardly did his work effectively within his glass cage, so much was his mind affected, and at five o'clock, when he left his office, instead of going at once home to Mrs. Slide at Camden Town, he took an omnibus and went down to Westminster. He would at once confront the traitor who had deceived him.

It must be acknowledged on behalf of this editor that he did in truth believe that he had been hindered from doing good. The whole practice of his life had taught him to be confident that the editor of a newspaper must be the best possible judge—indeed, the only possible good judge—whether any statement or story should or should not be published. Not altogether without a conscience, and intensely conscious of such conscience as did constrain him, Mr. Quintus Slide imagined that no law of libel, no injunction from any Vice-Chancellor, no outward power or pressure whatever, was needed to keep his energies within their proper limits. He and his newspaper formed together a simply beneficent institution, any interference with which must of necessity be an injury to the public. Every thing done at the office of the *People's Banner* was done in the interest of the People—and, even though individuals might occasionally be made to suffer by the severity with which their names were handled in its columns, the general result was good. What are the sufferings of the few to the advantage of the many? If there be fault in high places, it is proper that it be exposed. If there be fraud, adulteries, gambling, and lasciviousness, or even quarrels and indiscretions among those whose names are known, let every detail be laid open to the light, so that the people may have a warning. That such details will make a paper "pay" Mr. Slide knew also; but it is not only in Mr. Slide's path of life that the bias of a man's mind may lead him to find that virtue and profit are compatible. An unprofitable newspaper can not long continue its existence, and, while existing, can not be widely beneficial. It is the circulation, the profitable circulation, of forty, fifty, sixty, or a hundred thousand copies through all the arteries and veins of the public body which is beneficent. And how can such circulation be effected unless the taste of the public be consulted? Mr. Quintus Slide, as he walked up Westminster Hall, in search of that wicked member of Parliament, did not at all doubt the goodness of his cause. He could not contest the Vice-Chancellor's injunction, but he was firm in his opinion that the Vice-Chancellor's injunction had inflicted an evil on the public at large, and he was unhappy within himself in that the power and majesty and goodness of the Press should still be hampered by ignorance, prejudice, and favor for the great. He was quite sure that no injunction would have been granted in favor of Mr. Joseph Smith and Mr. John Jones.

He went boldly up to one of the policemen who sit guarding the door of the lobby of our House of Commons, and asked for Mr. Finn. The Cerberus on the left was not sure whether Mr. Finn was in the House, but would send in a card if Mr. Slide would stand on one side. For the next quarter of an hour Mr. Slide heard no more of his message, and then applied again to the Cerberus. The Cerberus shook his head, and again desired the applicant to stand on one side. He had done all that in him lay. The other watchful Cerberus standing on the right, observing that the intruder was not accommodated with any member, intimated to him the propriety of standing back in one of the corners. Our editor turned round upon the man as though he would bite him; but he did stand back, meditating an article on the gross want of attention to the public shown in the lobby of the House of Commons. Is it possible that any editor should endure any inconvenience without meditating an article? But the judicious editor thinks twice of such things. Our editor was still in his wrath when he saw his prey come forth from the House with a card—no doubt his own card. He leaped forward in spite of the policeman, in spite of any Cerberus, and seized Phineas by the arm. "I want just to have a few words," he said. He made an effort to repress his wrath, knowing that the whole world would be against him should he exhibit any violence of indignation on that spot; but Phineas could see it all in the fire of his eye.

"Certainly," said Phineas, retiring to the side of the lobby, with a conviction that the distance between him and the House was already sufficient.

"Can't you come down into Westminster Hall?"

"I should only have to come up again. You can say what you've got to say here."

"I've got a great deal to say. I never was so badly treated in my life; never." He could not quite repress his voice, and he saw that a policeman looked at him. Phineas saw it also.

"Because we have hindered you from publishing an untrue and very slanderous letter about a lady!"

"You promised me that you'd come to me yesterday."

"I think not. I think I said that you should hear from me—and you did."

"You call that truth—and honesty!"

"Certainly I do. Of course it was my first duty to stop the publication of the letter."

"You haven't done that yet."

"I've done my best to stop it. If you have nothing more to say I'll wish you good evening."

"I've a deal more to say. You were shot at, weren't you?"

"I have no desire to make any communication to you on any thing that has occurred, Mr. Slide. If I staid with you all the afternoon I could tell you nothing more. Good-evening."

"I'll crush you," said Quintus Slide, in a stage-whisper; "I will, as sure as my name is Slide."

Phineas looked at him and retired into the House, whither Quintus Slide could not follow him, and the editor of the *People's Banner* was left alone in his anger.

"How a cock can crow on his own dunghill!" That was Mr. Slide's first feeling, as with a painful sense of diminished consequence he retraced his steps through the outer lobbies and down into Westminster Hall. He had been browbeaten by Phineas Finn, simply because Phineas had been able to retreat within those happy doors. He knew that to the eyes of all the policemen and strangers assembled Phineas Finn had been a hero, a Parliamentary hero, and he had been some poor outsider—to be ejected at once should he make himself disagreeable to the members. Nevertheless, had he not all the columns of the *People's Banner* in his pocket? Was he not great in the Fourth Estate—much greater than Phineas Finn in his estate? Could he not thunder every night so that an audience to be counted by hundreds of thousands should hear his thunder, whereas this poor member of Parliament must struggle night after night for an opportunity of speaking, and could then only speak to benches half deserted, or to a few members half asleep—unless the Press should choose to convert his words into thunder-bolts? Who could doubt for a moment with which lay the greater power? And yet this wretched Irishman, who had wriggled himself into Parliament on a petition, getting the better of a good, downright English John Bull by a quibble, had treated him with scorn—the wretched Irishman being for the moment like a cock on his own dunghill. Quintus Slide was not slow to tell himself that he also had an elevation of his own, from which he could make himself audible. In former days he had forgiven Phineas Finn more than once. If he ever forgave Phineas Finn again, might his right hand forget its cunning, and never again draw blood or tear a scalp.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FIRST THUNDER-BOLT.

IT was not till after Mr. Slide had left him that Phineas wrote the following letter to Lady Laura:

"HOUSE OF COMMONS, *March* 1, 18—.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have a long story to tell, which I fear I shall find difficult in the telling; but it is so necessary that you should know the facts that I must go through with it as best I may. It will give you very great pain; but the result as regards your own position will not, I think, be injurious to you.

"Yesterday, Sunday, a man came to me who edits a newspaper, and whom I once knew. You will remember when I used to tell you in Portman Square of the amenities and angers of Mr. Slide—the man who wanted to sit for Loughton. He is the editor. He brought me a long letter from Mr. Kennedy himself, intended for publication, and which was already printed, giving an elaborate and, I may say, a most cruelly untrue account of your quarrel. I read the letter, but of course can not remember the words; nor, if I could remember them, should I repeat them. They contained all the old charges with which you are familiar, and which your unfortunate husband now desired to publish in consummation of his threats. Why Mr. Slide should have brought me the paper before publishing it I can hardly understand. But he did so, and told me that Mr. Kennedy was in town. We have managed among us to obtain a legal warrant for preventing the publication of the letter, and I think I may say that it will not see the light.

"When Mr. Slide left me I called on Mr. Kennedy, whom I found in a miserable little hotel in Judd Street, kept by Scotch people named Macpherson. They had come from the neighborhood of Lough Linter, and knew Mr. Kennedy well. This was yesterday afternoon, Sunday, and I found some difficulty in making my way into his presence. My object was to induce him to withdraw the letter, for at that time I doubted whether the law could interfere quickly enough to prevent the publication.

"I found your husband in a very sad condition. What he said or what I said I forget; but he was, as usual, intensely anxious that you should return to him. I need not hesitate now to say that he is certainly mad. After a while, when I expressed my assured opinion that you would not go back to Lough Linter, he suddenly turned round, grasped a revolver, and fired at my head. How I got out of the room I don't quite remember. Had he repeated the shot, which he might have done over and over again, he must have hit me. As it was, I escaped, and blundered down the stairs to Mrs. Macpherson's room.

"They whom I have consulted in the matter, namely, Barrington Erle and my particular friend, Mr. Low—to whom I went for legal assistance in stopping the publication — seem to think that I should have at once sent for the police, and given Mr. Kennedy in charge. But I did not do so, and hitherto the police have, I believe, no knowledge of what occurred. A paragraph appeared in one of the morning papers to-day, giving almost an accurate account of the matter, but mentioning neither the place nor any of the names. No doubt it will be repeated in all the papers, and the names will soon be known. But the result will be simply a general conviction as to the insanity of poor Mr. Kennedy—as to which they who know him have had for a long time but little doubt.

"The Macphersons seem to have been very anxious to screen their guest. At any other hotel, no doubt, the landlord would have sent for the police; but in this case the attempt was kept quite secret. They did send for George Kennedy, a cousin of your husband's, whom I think you know, and whom I saw this morning. He assures me that Robert Kennedy is quite aware of the wickedness of the attempt he made, and that he is plunged in deep remorse. He is to be taken down to Lough Linter to-morrow, and is —so says his cousin—as tractable as a child. What George Kennedy means to do I can not say; but for myself, as I did not send for the police at the moment, as I am told I ought to have done, I shall now do nothing. I don't know that a man is subject to punishment because he does not make complaint. I suppose I have a right to regard it all as an accident if I please.

"But for you this must be very important. That Mr. Kennedy is insane there can not now, I think, be a doubt; and therefore the question of your returning to him—as far as there has been any question—is absolutely settled. None of your friends would be justified in allowing you to return. He is undoubtedly mad, and has done an act which is not murderous only on that conclusion. This settles the question so perfectly that you could, no doubt, reside in England now without danger. Mr. Kennedy himself would feel that he could take no steps to enforce your return after what he did yesterday. Indeed, if you could bring yourself to face the publicity, you could, I imagine, obtain a legal separation, which would give you again the control of your own fortune. I feel myself bound to mention this; but I give you no advice. You will no doubt explain all the circumstances to your father.

"I think I have now told you every thing that I need tell you. The thing only happened yesterday, and I have been all the morning busy getting the injunction, and seeing Mr. George Kennedy. Just before I began this letter that horrible editor was with me again, threatening me with all the penalties which an editor can inflict. To tell the truth, I do feel confused among them all, and still fancy that I hear the click of the pistol. That newspaper paragraph says that the ball went through my whiskers, which was certainly not the case; but a foot or two off is quite near enough for a pistol-ball.

"The Duke of Omnium is dying, and I have heard to-day that Madame Goesler, our old friend, has been sent for to Matching. She and I renewed our acquaintance the other day at Harrington.

"God bless you. Your most sincere friend,
"PHINEAS FINN.

"Do not let my news oppress you. The firing of the pistol is a thing done and over without evil results. The state of Mr. Kennedy's mind is what we have long suspected, and, melancholy though it be, should contain for you, at any rate, this consolation—that the accusations made against you would not have been made had his mind been unclouded."

Twice while Finn was writing this letter was he rung into the House for a division, and once it was suggested to him to say a few words of angry opposition to the Government on some not important subject under discussion. Since the beginning of the session hardly a night had passed without some verbal sparring, and very frequently the limits of Parliamentary decorum had been almost surpassed. Never within the memory of living politicians had political rancor been so sharp, and the feeling of injury so keen, both on the one side and on the other. The taunts thrown at the Conservatives, in reference to the Church, had been almost unendurable—and the more so because the strong expressions of feeling from their own party throughout the country were against them. Their own convictions also were against them. And there had for a while been almost a determination through the party to deny their leader and disclaim the bill. But a feeling of duty to the party had prevailed, and this had not been done. It had not been done; but the not doing of it was a sore burden on the half-broken shoulders of many a man who sat gloomily on the benches behind Mr. Daubeny. Men goaded as they were, by their opponents, by their natural friends, and by their own consciences, could not hear it in silence, and very bitter things were said in return. Mr. Gresham was accused of a degrading lust for power. No other feeling could prompt him to oppose with a factious acrimony never before exhibited in that House—so said some wretched Conservative with broken back and broken heart —a measure which he himself would only be too willing to carry were he allowed the privilege of passing over to the other side of the House for the purpose. In these encounters Phineas Finn had already exhibited his prowess, and, in spite of his declarations at Tankerville, had become prominent as an opponent to Mr. Daubeny's bill. He had, of course, himself been taunted, and held up in the House to the execration of his own constituents; but he had enjoyed his fight, and had remembered how his friend Mr. Monk had once told him that the pleasure lay all on the side of opposition. But on this evening he declined to speak. "I suppose you have hardly recovered from Kennedy's pistol," said Mr. Ratler, who had, of course, heard the whole story. "That, and the whole affair together, have upset me," said Phineas. "Fitzgibbon will do it for you; he's in the House." And so it happened that on that occasion the Honorable Laurence Fitzgibbon made a very effective speech against the Government.

On the next morning, from the columns of the *People's Banner* was hurled the first of those thunder-bolts with which it was the purpose of Mr. Slide absolutely to destroy the political and social life of Phineas Finn. He would not miss his aim as Mr. Kennedy had done. He would strike such blows that no constituency should ever venture to return Mr. Finn again to Parliament; and he thought that he could also so strike his blows that no mighty nobleman, no distinguished commoner, no lady of rank, should again care to entertain the miscreant and feed him with the dainties of fashion. The first thunder-bolt was as follows:

"We abstained yesterday from alluding to a circumstance which occurred at a small hotel in Judd Street on Sunday afternoon, and which, as we observe, was mentioned by one of our contemporaries. The names, however, were not given, although the persons implicated were indicated. We can see no reason why the names should be concealed. Indeed, as both the gentlemen concerned have been guilty of very great criminality, we think that we are bound to tell the whole story — and this the more especially as certain circumstances have in a very peculiar manner placed us in possession of the facts.

"It is no secret that for the last two years Lady Laura Kennedy has been separated from her husband, the Honorable Robert Kennedy, who, in the last administration, under Mr. Mildmay, held the office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and, we believe, as little a secret that Mr. Kennedy has been very persistent in endeavoring to recall his wife to her home. With equal persistence she has refused to obey, and we have in our hands the clearest possible evidence that Mr. Kennedy has attributed her obstinate refusal to influence exercised over her by Mr. Phineas Finn, who three years since was her father's nominee for the then existing borough of Loughton, and who lately succeeded in ousting poor Mr. Browborough from his seat for Tankerville by his impetuous promises to support that very measure of Church Reform which he is now opposing with that venom which makes him valuable to his party. Whether Mr. Phineas Finn will ever sit in another Parliament we can not, of course, say, but we think we can at least assure him that he will never again sit for Tankerville.

"On last Sunday afternoon Mr. Finn, knowing well the feeling with which he is regarded by Mr. Kennedy, outraged all decency by calling upon that gentleman, whose address he obtained from our office. What took place between them no one knows, and, probably, no one ever will know. But the interview was ended by Mr. Kennedy firing a pistol at Mr. Finn's head. That he should have done so without the grossest provocation no one will believe. That Mr. Finn had gone to the husband to interfere with him respecting his wife is an undoubted fact—a fact which, if necessary, we are in a position to prove. That such interference must have been most heart-rending every one will admit. This intruder, who had thrust himself upon the unfortunate husband on the Sabbath afternoon, was the very man whom the husband accuses of having robbed him of the company and comfort of his wife. But we can not, on that account, absolve Mr. Kennedy of the criminality of his act. It should be for a jury to decide what view should be taken of that act, and to say how far the outrageous provocation offered should be allowed to palliate the offense. But hitherto the matter has not reached the police. Mr. Finn was not struck, and managed to escape from the room. It was his manifest duty as one of the community, and more especially so as a member of Parliament, to have reported all the circumstances at once to the police. This was not done by him, nor by the persons who keep the hotel. That Mr. Finn should have reasons of his own for keeping the whole affair secret, and for screening the attempt at murder, is clear enough. What inducements have been used with the people of the house we can not, of course, say. But we understand that Mr. Kennedy has been allowed to leave London without molestation.

"Such is the true story of what occurred on Sunday afternoon in Judd Street, and, knowing what we do, we think ourselves justified in calling upon Major Mackintosh to take the case into his own hands." (Now Major Mackintosh was at this time the head of the London constabulary.) "It is quite out of the question that such a transaction should take place in the heart of London at three o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, and be allowed to pass without notice. We intend to keep as little of what we know from the public as possible, and do not hesitate to acknowledge that we are debarred by an injunction of the Vice-Chancellor from publishing a certain document which would throw the clearest light upon the whole circumstance. As soon as possible after the shot was fired Mr. Finn went to work, and, as we think, by misrepresentations, obtained the injunction early on yesterday morning. We feel sure that it would not have been granted had the transaction in Judd Street been at the time known to the Vice-Chancellor in all its enormity. Our hands are, of course, tied. The document in question is still with us, but it is sacred. When called upon to show it by any proper authority we shall be ready; but, knowing what we do know, we should not be justified in allowing the matter to sleep. In the mean time we call upon those whose duty it is to preserve the public peace to take the steps necessary for bringing the delinquents to justice.

"The effect upon Mr. Finn, we should say, must be his immediate withdrawal from public life. For the last year or two he has held some subordinate but permanent place in Ireland, which he has given up on the rumor that the party to which he has attached himself is likely to return to office. That he is a seeker after office is notorious. That any possible Government should now employ him, even as a tide-waiter, is quite out of the question; and it is equally out of the question that he should be again returned to Parliament, were he to resign his seat on accepting office. As it is, we believe, notorious that this gentleman can not maintain the position which he holds without being paid for his services, it is reasonable to suppose that his friends will recommend him to retire, and seek his living in some obscure and, let us hope, honest profession."

Mr. Slide, when his thunder-bolt was prepared, read it over with delight, but still with some fear as to probable results. It was expedient that he should avoid a prosecution for libel, and essential that he should not offend the majesty of the Vice-Chancellor's injunction. Was he sure that he was safe in each direction? As to the libel, he could not tell himself that he was certainly safe. He was saying very hard things both of Lady Laura and of Phineas Finn, and sailing very near the wind. But neither of those persons would probably be willing to prosecute; and, should he be prosecuted, he would then, at any rate, be able to give in Mr. Kennedy's letter as evidence in his own defense. He really did believe that what he was doing was all done in the cause of morality. It was the business of such a paper as that which he conducted to run some risk in defending morals, and exposing distinguished culprits on behalf of the public. And then, without some such risk, how could Phineas Finn be adequately punished for the atrocious treachery of which he had been guilty? As to the Chancellor's order, Mr. Slide thought that he had managed that matter very completely. No doubt he had acted in direct opposition to the spirit of the injunction, but legal orders are read by the letter, and not by the spirit. It was open to him to publish any thing he pleased respecting Mr. Kennedy and his wife, subject, of course, to the general laws of the land in regard to libel. The Vice-Chancellor's special order to him referred simply to a particular document, and from that document he had not quoted a word, though he had contrived to repeat all the bitter things which it contained, with much added venom of his own. He felt secure of being safe from any active anger on the part of the Vice-Chancellor.

The article was printed and published. The reader will perceive that it was full of lies. It began with a lie in that statement that "we abstained yesterday from alluding to circumstances" which had been unknown to the writer when his yesterday's paper was published. The indignant reference to poor Finn's want of delicacy in forcing himself upon Mr. Kennedy on the Sabbath afternoon was, of course, a tissue of lies. The visit had been made almost at the instigation of the editor himself. The paper from beginning to end was full of falsehood and malice, and had been written with the express intention of creating prejudice against the man who had offended the writer. But Mr. Slide did not know that he was lying, and did not know that he was malicious. The weapon which he used was one to which his hand was accustomed, and he had been led by practice to believe that the use of such weapons by one in his position was not only fair, but also beneficial to the public. Had any body suggested to him that he was stabbing his enemy in the dark, he would have averred that he was doing nothing of the kind, because the anonymous accusation of sinners in high rank was, on behalf of the public, the special duty of writers and editors attached to the public press. Mr. Slide's blood was running high with virtuous indignation against our hero as he inserted those last cruel words as to the choice of an obscure but honest profession.

Phineas Finn read the article before he sat down to breakfast on the following morning, and the dagger went right into his bosom. Every word told upon him. With a jaunty laugh within his own sleeve, he had assured himself that he was safe against any wound which could be inflicted on him from the columns of the *People's Banner*. He had been sure that he would be attacked, and thought that he was armed to bear it. But the thin blade penetrated every joint of his harness, and every particle of the poison curdled in his blood. He was hurt about Lady Laura; he was hurt about his borough of Tankerville; he was hurt by the charges against him of having outraged delicacy; he was hurt by being handed over to the tender mercies of Major Mackintosh; he was hurt by the craft with which the Vice-Chancellor's injunction had been evaded; but he was specially hurt by the allusions to his own poverty. It was necessary that he should earn his bread, and no doubt he was a seeker after place. But he did not wish to obtain wages without working for them; and he did not see why the work and wages of a public office should be less honorable than those of any other profession. To him, with his ideas, there was no profession so honorable, as certainly there was none which demanded greater sacrifices or was more precarious. And he did believe that such an article as that would have the effect of shutting against him the gates of that dangerous paradise which he desired to enter. He had no great claim upon his party; and in giving away the good things of office the giver is only too prone to recognize any objections against an individual which may seem to relieve him from the necessity of bestowing aught in that direction. Phineas felt that he would almost be ashamed to show his face at the clubs or in the House. He must do so, as a matter of course, but he knew that he could not do so without confessing by his visage that he had been deeply wounded by the attack in the *People's Banner*.

He went, in the first instance, to Mr. Low, and was almost surprised that Mr. Low should not yet even have heard that such an attack had been made. He had almost felt, as he walked to Lincoln's Inn, that every body had looked at him, and that passers-by in the street had declared to each other that he was the unfortunate one who had been doomed by the editor of the *People's Banner* to seek some obscure way of earning his bread. Mr. Low took the paper, read, or probably only half read, the article, and then threw the sheet aside as worthless. "What ought I to do?"

"Nothing at all."

"One's first desire would be to beat him to a jelly."

"Of all courses that would be the worst, and would most certainly conduce to his triumph."

"Just so; I only allude to the pleasure one would have, but which one has to deny one's self. I don't know whether he has laid himself open for libel."

"I should think not. I have only just glanced at it, and therefore can't give an opinion; but I should think you would not dream of such a thing. Your object is to screen Lady Laura's name."

"I have to think of that first."

"It may be necessary that steps should be taken to defend her character. If an accusation be made with such publicity as to enforce belief if not denied, the denial must be made, and may probably be best made by an action for libel. But that must be done by her or her friends—but certainly not by you."

"He has laughed at the Vice-Chancellor's injunction."

"I don't think that you can interfere. If, as you believe, Mr. Kennedy be insane, that fact will probably soon be proved, and will have the effect of clearing Lady Laura's character. A wife may be excused for leaving a mad husband."

"And you think I should do nothing?"

"I don't see what you can do. You have encountered a chimney-sweeper, and of course you get some of the soot. What you do do, and what you do not do, must depend, at any rate, on the wishes of Lady Laura Kennedy and her father. It is a matter in which you must make yourself subordinate to them."

Fuming and fretting, and yet recognizing the truth of Mr. Low's words, Phineas left the chambers, and went down to his club. It was a Wednesday, and the House was to sit in the morning; but before he went to the House he put himself in the way of certain of his associates, in order that he might hear what would be said, and learn, if possible, what was thought. Nobody seemed to treat the accusations in the newspaper as very serious, though all around him congratulated him on his escape from Mr. Kennedy's pistol. "I suppose the poor man really is mad," said Lord Cantrip, whom he met on the steps of one of the clubs.

"No doubt, I should say."

"I can't understand why you didn't go to the police."

"I had hoped that the thing would not become public," said Phineas.

"Every thing becomes public; every thing of that kind. It is very hard upon poor Lady Laura."

"That is the worst of it, Lord Cantrip."

"If I were her father I should bring her to England, and demand a separation in a regular and legal way. That is what he should do now in her behalf. She would then have an opportunity of clearing her character from imputations which, to a certain extent, will affect it, even though they come from a madman, and from the very scum of the Press."

"You have read that article?"

"Yes; I saw it but a minute ago."

"I need not tell you that there is not the faintest ground in the world for the imputation made against Lady Laura there."

"I am sure that there is none; and therefore it is that I tell you my opinion so plainly. I think that Lord Brentford should be advised to bring Lady Laura to England, and to put down the charges openly in Court. It might be done either by an application to the Divorce Court for a separation, or by an action against the newspaper for libel. I do not know Lord Brentford quite well enough to intrude upon him with a letter, but I have no objection whatever to having my name mentioned to him. He and I and you and poor Mr. Kennedy sat together in the same Government, and I think that Lord Brentford would trust my friendship so far." Phineas thanked him, and assured him that what he had said should be conveyed to Lord Brentford.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SPOONER CORRESPONDENCE.

IT will be remembered that Adelaide Palliser had accepted the hand of Mr. Maule, junior, and that she and Lady Chiltern between them had dispatched him up to London on an embassy to his father, in which he failed very signally. It had been originally Lady Chiltern's idea that the proper home for the young couple would be the ancestral hall, which must be theirs some day, and in which, with exceeding prudence, they might be able to live as Maules of Maule Abbey upon the very limited income which would belong to them. How slight were the grounds for imputing such stern prudence to Gerard Maule both the ladies felt; but it had become essential to do something; the young people were engaged to each other, and a manner of life must be suggested, discussed, and, as far as possible, arranged. Lady Chiltern was useful at such work, having a practical turn of mind, and understanding well the condition of life for which it was necessary that her friend should prepare herself. The lover was not vicious; he neither drank, nor gambled, nor ran himself hopelessly in debt. He was good-humored and tractable and docile enough when nothing disagreeable was asked from him. He would have, he said, no objection to live at Maule Abbey if Adelaide liked it. He didn't believe much in farming, but would consent at Adelaide's request to be the owner of bullocks. He was quite ready to give up hunting, having already taught himself to think that the very few good runs in a season were hardly worth the trouble of getting up before daylight all the winter. He went forth, therefore, on his embassy, and we know how he failed. Another lover would have communicated the disastrous tidings at once to the lady; but Gerard Maule waited a week before he did so, and then told his story in half a dozen words. "The governor cut up rough about Maule Abbey, and will not hear of it. He generally does cut up rough."

"But he must be made to hear of it," said Lady Chiltern. Two days afterward the news reached Harrington of the death of the Duke of Omnium. A letter of an official nature reached Adelaide from Mr. Fothergill, in which the writer explained that he had been desired by Mr. Palliser to communicate to her and the relatives the sad tidings. "So the poor old man has gone at last," said Lady Chiltern, with that affectation of funereal gravity which is common to all of us.

"Poor old Duke!" said Adelaide. "I have been hearing of him as a sort of bugbear all my life. I don't think I ever saw him but once, and then he gave me a kiss and a pair of earrings. He never paid any attention to us at all, but we were taught to think that Providence had been very good to us in making the Duke our uncle."

"He was very rich?"

"Horribly rich, I have always heard."

"Won't he leave you something? It would be very nice, now that you are engaged, to find that he has given you five thousand pounds."

"Very nice indeed; but there is not a chance of it. It has always been known that every thing is to go to the heir. Papa had his fortune, and spent it. He and his brother were never friends, and though the Duke did once give me a kiss, I imagine that he forgot my existence immediately afterward."

"So the Duke of Omnium is dead," said Lord Chiltern when he came home that evening.

"Adelaide has had a letter to tell her so this afternoon."

"Mr. Fothergill wrote to me," said Adelaide—"the man who is so wicked about the foxes."

"I don't care a straw about Mr. Fothergill; and now my mouth is closed against your uncle. But it's quite frightful to think that a Duke of Omnium must die like any body else."

"The Duke is dead—long live the Duke!" said Lady Chiltern. "I wonder how Mr. Palliser will like it."

"Men always do like it, I suppose," said Adelaide.

"Women do," said Lord Chiltern. "Lady Glencora will be delighted to reign—though I can hardly fancy her by any other name. By-the-bye, Adelaide, I have got a letter for you."

"A letter for me, Lord Chiltern!"

"Well—yes; I suppose I had better give it you. It is not addressed to you, but you must answer it."

"What on earth is it?"

"I think I can guess," said Lady Chiltern, laughing. She had guessed rightly, but Adelaide Palliser was still altogether in the dark, when Lord Chiltern, took a letter from his pocket and handed it to her. As he did so he left the room, and his wife followed him. "I shall be up stairs, Adelaide, if you want advice," said Lady Chiltern.

The letter was from Mr. Spooner. He had left Harrington Hall after the uncourteous reception which had been accorded to him by Miss Palliser in deep disgust, resolving that he would never again speak to her, and almost resolving that Spoon Hall should never have a mistress in his time. But with his wine after dinner his courage came back to him, and he began to reflect once more that it is not the habit of young ladies to accept their lovers at the first offer. There was living with Mr. Spooner at this time a very attached friend, whom he usually consulted in all emergencies, and to whom on this occasion he opened his heart. Mr. Edward Spooner, commonly called Ned by all who knew him, and not unfrequently so addressed by those who did not, was a distant cousin of the Squire's, who unfortunately had no particular income of his own. Eor the last ten years he had lived at Spoon Hall, and had certainly earned his bread. The Squire had achieved a certain credit for success as a country gentleman. Nothing about his place was out of order. His own farming, which was extensive, succeeded. His bullocks and sheep won prizes. His horses were always useful and healthy. His tenants were solvent, if not satisfied, and he himself did not owe a shilling. Now many people in the neighborhood attributed all this to the judicious care of Mr. Edward Spooner, whose eye was never off the place, and whose discretion was equal to his zeal. In giving the Squire his due one must acknowledge that he recognized the merits of his cousin, and trusted him in every thing. That night, as soon as the customary bottle of claret had succeeded the absolutely normal bottle of port after dinner, Mr. Spooner of Spoon Hall opened his heart to his cousin.

"I shall have to walk then," said Ned.

"Not if I know it," said the Squire. "You don't suppose I'm going to let any woman have the command of Spoon Hall?"

"They do command—inside, you know."

"No woman shall ever turn you out of this house, Ned."

"I'm not thinking of myself, Tom," said the cousin. "Of course you'll marry some day, and of course I must take my chance. I don't see why it shouldn't be Miss Palliser as well as another."

"The jade almost made me angry."

"I suppose that's the way with most of 'em. 'Ludit exultim metuitque tangi.'" For Ned Spooner had himself preserved some few tattered shreds of learning from his school-days. "You don't remember about the filly?"

"Yes, I do; very well," said the Squire.

"'Nuptiarum expers.' That's what it is, I suppose. Try it again." The advice on the part of the cousin was genuine and unselfish. That Mr. Spooner of Spoon Hall should be rejected by a young lady without any fortune seemed to him to be impossible. At any rate it is the duty of a man in such circumstances to persevere. As far as Ned knew the world, ladies always required to be asked a second or a third time. And then no harm can come from such perseverance. "She can't break your bones, Tom."

There was much honesty displayed on this occasion. The Squire, when he was thus instigated to persevere, did his best to describe the manner in which he had been rejected. His powers of description were not very great, but he did not conceal any thing willfully. "She was as hard as nails, you know."

"I don't know that that means much. Horace's filly kicked a few, no doubt."

"She told me that if I'd go one way she'd go the other!"

"They always say about the hardest things that come to their tongues. They don't curse and swear as we do, or there'd be no bearing them. If you really like her—"

"She's such a well-built creature! There's a look of blood about her I don't see in any of 'em. That sort of breeding is what one wants to get through the mud with."

Then it was that the cousin recommended a letter to Lord Chiltern. Lord Chiltern was at the present moment to be regarded as the lady's guardian, and was the lover's intimate friend. A direct proposal had already been made to the young lady, and this should now be repeated to the gentleman who for the time stood in the position of her father. The Squire for a while hesitated, declaring that he was averse to make his secret known to Lord Chiltern. "One doesn't want every fellow in the country to know it," he said. But in answer to this the cousin was very explicit. There could be but little doubt that Lord Chiltern knew the secret already; and he would certainly be rather induced to keep it as a secret than to divulge it if it were communicated to him officially. And what other step could the Squire take? It would not be likely that he should be asked again to Harrington Hall with the express view of repeating his offer. The cousin was quite of opinion that a written proposition should be made; and on that very night the cousin himself wrote out a letter for the Squire to copy in the morning. On the morning the Squire copied the letter—not without additions of his own, as to which he had very many words with his discreet cousin—and in a formal manner handed it to Lord Chiltern toward the afternoon of that day, having devoted his whole morning to the finding of a proper opportunity for doing so. Lord Chiltern had read the letter, and had, as we see, delivered it to Adelaide Palliser. "That's another proposal from Mr. Spooner," Lady Chiltern said, as soon as they were alone.

"Exactly that."

"I knew he'd go on with it. Men are such fools."

"I don't see that he's a fool at all," said Lord Chiltern, almost in anger. "Why shouldn't he ask a girl to be his wife? He's a rich man, and she hasn't got a farthing."

"You might say the same of a butcher, Oswald."

"Mr. Spooner is a gentleman."

"You do not mean to say that he's fit to marry such a girl as Adelaide Palliser?"

"I don't know what makes fitness. He's got a red nose, and if she don't like a red nose—that's unfitness. Gerard Maule's nose isn't red, and I dare say therefore he's fitter. Only, unfortunately, he has no money."

"Adelaide Palliser would no more think of marrying Mr. Spooner than you would have thought of marrying the cook."

"If I had liked the cook I should have asked her, and I don't see why Mr. Spooner shouldn't ask Miss Palliser. She needn't take him."

In the mean time Miss Palliser was reading the following letter:

"SPOON HALL, *March* 11, 18—.

"MY DEAR LORD CHILTERN,—I venture to suppose that at present you are acting as the guardian of Miss Palliser, who has been staying at your house all the winter. If I am wrong in this, I hope you will pardon me, and consent to act in that capacity for this occasion. I entertain feelings of the greatest admiration and warmest affection for the young lady I have named, which I ventured to express when I had the pleasure of staying at Harrington Hall in the early part of last month. I can not boast that I was received on that occasion with much favor; but I know that I am not very good at talking, and we are told in all the books that no man has a right to expect to be taken at the first time of asking. Perhaps Miss Palliser will allow me, through you, to request her to consider my proposal with more deliberation than was allowed to me before, when I spoke to her perhaps with injudicious hurry." (So far the Squire adopted his cousin's words without alteration.)

"I am the owner of my own property—which is more than every body can say. My income is nearly £4000 a year. I shall be willing to make any proper settlement that may be recommended by the lawyers—though I am strongly of opinion that an estate shouldn't be crippled for the sake of the widow. As to refurnishing the old house, and all that, I'll do any thing that Miss Palliser may please. She knows my taste about hunting, and I know hers, so that there need not be any difference of opinion on that score.

"Miss Palliser can't suspect me of any interested motives. I come forward because I think she is the most charming girl I ever saw, and because I love her with all my heart. I haven't got very much to say for myself, but if she'll consent to be the mistress of Spoon Hall, she shall have all that the heart of a woman can desire. Pray believe me, my dear Lord Chiltern,

"Yours very sincerely,

"THOMAS PLATTER SPOONER.

"As I believe that Miss Palliser is fond of books, it may be well to tell her that there is an uncommon good library at Spoon Hall. I shall have no objection to go abroad for the honey-moon for three or four months in the summer."

The postscript was the Squire's own, and was inserted in opposition to the cousin's judgment. "She won't come for the sake of the books," said the cousin. But the Squire thought that the attractions should be piled up. "I wouldn't talk of the honey-moon till I'd got her to come round a little," said the cousin. The Squire thought that the cousin was falsely delicate, and pleaded that all girls like to be taken abroad when they're married. The second half of the body of the letter was very much disfigured by the Squire's petulance, so that the modesty with which he commenced was almost put to the blush by a touch of arrogance in the conclusion. That sentence in which the Squire declared that an estate ought not to be crippled for the sake of the widow was very much questioned by the cousin. "Such a word as 'widow' never ought to go into such a letter as this." But the Squire protested that he would not be mealy-mouthed. "She can bear to think of it, I'll go bail; and why shouldn't she hear about what she can think about?" "Don't talk about furniture yet, Tom," the cousin said; but the Squire was obstinate, and the cousin became hopeless. That word about loving her with all his heart was the cousin's own, but what followed as to her being mistress of Spoon Hall was altogether opposed to his judgment. "She'll be proud enough of Spoon Hall if she comes here," said the Squire. "I'd let her come first," said the cousin.

We all know that the phraseology of the letter was of no importance whatever. When it was received the lady was engaged to another man; and she regarded Mr. Spooner of Spoon Hall as being guilty of unpardonable impudence in approaching her at all.

"A red-faced vulgar old man, who looks as if he did nothing but drink," she said to Lady Chiltern.

"He does you no harm, my dear."

"But he does do harm. He makes things very uncomfortable. He has no business to think it possible. People will suppose that I gave him encouragement."

"I used to have lovers coming to me year after year—the same people—whom I don't think I ever encouraged; but I never felt angry with them."

"But you didn't have Mr. Spooner."

"Mr. Spooner didn't know me in those days, or there is no saying what might have happened." Then Lady Chiltern argued the matter on views directly opposite to those which she had put forward when discussing the matter with her husband. "I always think that any man who is privileged to sit down to table with you is privileged to ask. There are disparities, of course, which may make the privilege questionable—disparities of age, rank, and means."

"And of tastes," said Adelaide.

"I don't know about that. A poet doesn't want to marry a poetess, nor a philosopher a philosopheress. A man may make himself a fool by putting himself in the way of certain refusal; but I take it the broad rule is that a man may fall in love with any lady who habitually sits in his company."

"I don't agree with you at all. What would be said if the curate at Long Royston were to propose to one of the Fitz-Howard girls?"

"The Duchess would probably ask the Duke to make the young man a bishop out of hand, and the Duke would have to spend a morning in explaining to her the changes which have come over the making of bishops since she was young. There is no other rule that you can lay down, and I think that girls should understand that they have to fight their battles subject to that law. It's very easy to say 'No.'"

"But a man won't take 'No.'"

"And it's lucky for us sometimes that they don't," said Lady Chiltern, remembering certain passages in her early life.

The answer was written that night by Lord Chiltern after much consultation. As to the nature of the answer—that it should be a positive refusal—of course there could be no doubt; but then arose a question whether a reason should be given, or whether the refusal should be simply a refusal. At last it was decided that a reason should be given, and the letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. SPOONER,—I am commissioned to inform you that Miss Palliser is engaged to be married to Mr. Gerard Maule.

"Yours faithfully,

"CHILTERN."

The young lady had consented to be thus explicit because it had been already determined that no secret should be kept as to her future prospects.

"He is one of those poverty-stricken, wheedling fellows that one meets about the world every day," said the Squire to his cousin—"a fellow that rides horses that he can't pay for, and owes some poor devil of a tailor for the breeches that he sits in. They eat and drink and get along Heaven only knows how. But they're sure to come to smash at last. Girls are such fools nowadays."

"I don't think there has ever been much difference in that," said the cousin.

"Because a man greases his whiskers and colors his hair and paints his eyebrows and wears kid gloves, by George! they'll go through fire and water after him. He'll never marry her."

"So much the better for her."

"But I hate such d— impudence. What right has a man to come forward in that way who hasn't got a house over his head, or the means of getting one? Old Maule is so hard up that he can barely get a dinner at his club in London. What I wonder at is that Lady Chiltern shouldn't know better."

CHAPTER XXX.

REGRETS.

MADAME GOESLER remained at Matching till after the return of Mr. Palliser—or, as we must now call him, the Duke of Omnium—from Gatherum Castle, and was therefore able to fight her own battle with him respecting the gems and the money which had been left her. He brought to her with his own hands the single ring which she had requested, and placed it on her finger. "The goldsmith will soon make that all right," she said, when it was found to be much too large for the largest finger on which she could wear a ring. "A bit shall be taken out, but I will not have it reset."

"You got the lawyer's letter and the inventory, Madame Goesler?"

"Yes, indeed. What surprises me is that the dear old man should never have spoken of so magnificent a collection of gems."

"Orders have been given that they shall be packed."

"They may be packed or unpacked, of course, as your Grace pleases, but pray do not connect me with the packing."

"You must be connected with it."

"But I wish not to be connected with it, Duke. I have written to the lawyer to renounce the legacy, and if your Grace persists, I must employ a lawyer of my own to renounce them after some legal form. Pray do not let the case be sent to me, or there will be so much trouble, and we shall have another great jewel robbery. I won't take it in, and I won't have the money, and I will have my own way. Lady Glen will tell you that I can be very obstinate when I please."

Lady Glencora had told him so already. She had been quite sure that her friend would persist in her determination as to the legacy, and had thought that her husband should simply accept Madame Goesler's assurances to that effect. But a man who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer could not deal with money, or even with jewels, so lightly. He assured his wife that such an arrangement was quite out of the question. He remarked that property was property, by which he meant to intimate that the real owner of substantial wealth could not be allowed to disembarrass himself of his responsibilities or strip himself of his privileges by a few generous but idle words. The late Duke's will was a very serious thing, and it seemed to the heir that this abandoning of a legacy bequeathed by the Duke was a making light of the Duke's last act and deed. To refuse money in such circumstances was almost like refusing rain from heaven or warmth from the sun. It could not be done. The things were her property, and though she might, of course, chuck them into the street, they would no less be hers. "But I won't have them, Duke," said Madame Goesler; and the late Chancellor of the Exchequer found that no proposition made by him in the House had ever been received with a firmer opposition. His wife told him that nothing he could say would be of any avail, and rather ridiculed his idea of the solemnity of wills. "You can't make a person take a thing because you write it down on a thick bit of paper any more than if you gave it her across the table. I understand it all, of course. She means to show that she didn't want any thing from the Duke. As she refused the name and title, she won't have the money and jewels. You can't make her take them, and I'm quite sure you can't talk her over." The young Duke was not persuaded, but had to give the battle up—at any rate, for the present.

On the 19th of March Madame Goesler returned to London, having been at Matching Priory for more than three weeks. On her journey back to Park Lane many thoughts crowded on her mind. Had she, upon the whole, done well in reference to the Duke of Omnium? The last three years of her life had been sacrificed to an old man with whom she had not, in truth, possessed aught in common. She had persuaded herself that there had existed a warm friendship between them; but of what nature could have been a friendship with one whom she had not known till he had been in his dotage? What words of the Duke's speaking had she ever heard with pleasure, except certain terms of affection which had been half mawkish and half senile? She had told Phineas Finn, while riding home with him from Broughton Spinnies, that she had clung to the Duke because she loved him; but what had there been to produce such love? The Duke had begun his acquaintance with her by insulting her—and had then offered to make her his wife. This—which would have conferred upon her some tangible advantages, such as rank and wealth and a great name—she had refused, thinking that the price to be paid for them was too high, and that life might ever yet have something better in store for her. After that she had permitted herself to become, after a fashion, head nurse to the old man, and in that pursuit had wasted three years of what remained to her of her youth. People, at any rate, should not say of her that she had accepted payment for the three years' service by taking a casket of jewels. She would take nothing that should justify any man in saying that she had been enriched by her acquaintance with the Duke of Omnium. It might be that she had been foolish, but she would be more foolish still were she to accept a reward for her folly. As it was, there had been something of romance in it—though the romance of friendship at the bedside of a sick and selfish old man had hardly been satisfactory.

Even in her close connection with the present Duchess there was something which was almost hollow. Had there not been a compact between them, never expressed, but not the less understood? Had not her dear friend, Lady Glen, agreed to bestow upon her support, fashion, and all kinds of worldly good things, on condition that she never married the old Duke? She had liked Lady Glencora—had enjoyed her friend's society and been happy in her friend's company; but she had always felt that Lady Glencora's attraction to herself had been simply on the score of the Duke. It was necessary that the Duke should be pampered and kept in good humor. An old man, let him be ever so old, can do what he likes with himself and his belongings. To keep the Duke out of harm's way Lady Glencora had opened her arms to Madame Goesler. Such, at least, was the interpretation which Madame Goesler chose to give to the history of the last three years. They had not, she thought, quite understood her. When once she had made up her mind not to marry the Duke, the Duke had been safe from her—as his jewels and money should be safe, now that he was dead.

Three years had passed by, and nothing had been done of that which she had intended to do. Three years had passed, which to her, with her desires, were so important. And yet she hardly knew what were her desires, and had never quite defined her intentions. She told herself on this very journey that the time had now gone by, and that in losing these three years she had lost every thing. As yet—so she declared to herself now—the world had done but little for her. Two old men had loved her; one had become her husband, and the other had asked to become so; and to both she had done her duty. To both she had been grateful, tender, and self-sacrificing. From the former she had, as his widow, taken wealth which she valued greatly; but the wealth alone had given her no happiness. From the latter, and from his family, she had accepted a certain position. Some persons, high in repute and fashion, had known her before, but every body knew her now. And yet what had all this done for her? Dukes and duchesses, dinner-parties and drawing-rooms—what did they all amount to? What was it that she wanted?

She was ashamed to tell herself that it was love. But she knew this—that it was necessary for her happiness that she should devote herself to some one. All the elegancies and outward charms of life were delightful, if only they could be used as the means to some end. As an end themselves they were nothing. She had devoted herself to this old man who was now dead, and there had been moments in which she had thought that that sufficed. But it had not sufficed, and instead of being borne down by grief at the loss of her friend, she found herself almost rejoicing at relief from a vexatious burden. Had she been a hypocrite, then? Was it her nature to be false? After that she reflected whether it might not be best for her to become a devotee—it did not matter much in what branch of the Christian religion, so that she could assume some form of faith. The sour strictness of the confident Calvinist or the asceticism of St. Francis might suit her equally—if she could only believe in Calvin or in St. Francis. She had tried to believe in the Duke of Omnium, but there she had failed. There had been a saint at whose shrine she thought she could have worshiped with a constant and happy devotion, but that saint had repulsed her from his altar.

Mr. Maule, senior, not understanding much of all this, but still understanding something, thought that he might perhaps be the saint. He knew well that audacity in asking is a great merit in a middle-aged wooer. He was a good deal older than the lady, who, in spite of all her experiences, was hardly yet thirty. But then he was, he felt sure, very young for his age, whereas she was old. She was a widow; he was a widower. She had a house in town and an income. He had a place in the country and an estate. She knew all the dukes and duchesses, and he was a man of family. She could make him comfortably opulent. He could make her Mrs. Maule of Maule Abbey. She, no doubt, was good-looking. Mr. Maule, senior, as he tied on his cravat, thought that even in that respect there was no great disparity between them. Considering his own age, Mr. Maule, senior, thought there was not perhaps a better-looking man than himself about Pall Mall. He was a little stiff in the joints and moved rather slowly, but what was wanting in suppleness was certainly made up in dignity.

He watched his opportunity, and called in Park Lane on the day after Madame Goesler's return. There was already between them an amount of acquaintance which justified his calling, and, perhaps, there had been on the lady's part something of that cordiality of manner which is wont to lead to intimate friendship. Mr. Maule had made himself agreeable, and Madame Goesler had seemed to be grateful. He was admitted, and on such an occasion it was impossible not to begin the conversation about the "dear Duke." Mr. Maule could afford to talk about the Duke, and to lay aside for a short time his own cause, as he had not suggested to himself the possibility of becoming pressingly tender on his own behalf on this particular occasion. Audacity in wooing is a great virtue, but a man must measure even his virtues. "I heard that you had gone to Matching as soon as the poor Duke was taken ill," he said.

She was in mourning, and had never for a moment thought of denying the peculiarity of the position she had held in reference to the old man. She could not have been content to wear her ordinary colored garments after sitting so long by the side of the dying man. A hired nurse may do so, but she had not been that. If there had been hypocrisy in her friendship, the hypocrisy must be maintained to the end.

"Poor old man! I only came back yesterday."

"I never had the pleasure of knowing his Grace," said Mr. Maule. "But I have always heard him named as a nobleman of whom England might well be proud."

Madame Goesler was not at the moment inclined to tell lies on the matter, and did not think that England had much cause to be proud of the Duke of Omnium. "He was a man who held a very peculiar position," she said.

"Most peculiar—a man of infinite wealth, and of that special dignity which, I am sorry to say, so many men of rank among us are throwing aside as a garment which is too much for them. We can all wear coats, but it is not every one that can carry a robe. The Duke carried his to the last." Madame Goesler remembered how he looked with his night-cap on when he had lost his temper because they would not let him have a glass of Curaçoa. "I don't know that we have any one left that can be said to be his equal," continued Mr. Maule.

"No one like him, perhaps. He was never married, you know."

"But was once willing to marry," said Mr. Maule, "if all that we hear be true." Madame Goesler, without a smile and equally without a frown, looked as though the meaning of Mr. Maule's words had escaped her. "A grand old gentleman! I don't know that any body will ever say as much for his heir."

"The men are very different."

"Very different indeed. I dare say that Mr. Palliser, as Mr. Palliser, has been a useful man. But so is a coal-heaver a useful man. The grace and beauty of life will be clean gone when we all become useful men."

"I don't think we are near that yet."

"Upon my word, Madame Goesler, I am not so sure about it. Here are sons of noblemen going into trade on every side of us. We have earls dealing in butter, and marquises sending their peaches to market. There was nothing of that kind about the Duke. A great fortune had been intrusted to him, and he knew that it was his duty to spend it. He did spend it, and all the world looked up to him. It must have been a great pleasure to you to know him so well."

Madame Goesler was saved the necessity of making any answer to this by the announcement of another visitor. The door was opened, and Phineas Finn entered the room. He had not seen Madame Goesler since they had been together at Harrington Hall, and had never before met Mr. Maule. When riding home with the lady after their unsuccessful attempt to jump out of the wood, Phineas had promised to call in Park Lane whenever he should learn that Madame Goesler was not at Matching. Since that the Duke had died, and the bond with Matching no longer existed. It seemed but the other day that they were talking about the Duke together, and now the Duke was gone. "I see you are in mourning," said Phineas, as he still held her hand. "I must say one word to condole with you for your lost friend."

"Mr. Maule and I were now speaking of him," she said, as she introduced the two gentlemen. —"Mr. Finn and I had the pleasure of meeting your son at Harrington Hall a few weeks since, Mr. Maule."

"I heard that he had been there. Did you know the Duke, Mr. Finn?"

"After the fashion in which such a one as I would know such a one as the Duke, I knew him. He probably had forgotten my existence."

"He never forgot any one," said Madame Goesler.

"I don't know that I was ever introduced to him," continued Mr. Maule, "and I shall always regret it. I was telling Madame Goesler how profound a reverence I had for the Duke's character." Phineas bowed, and Madame Goesler, who was becoming tired of the Duke as a subject of conversation, asked some question as to what had been going on in the House. Mr. Maule, finding it to be improbable that he should be able to advance his cause on that occasion, took his leave. The moment he was gone Madame Goesler's manner changed altogether. She left her former seat and came near to Phineas, sitting on a sofa close to the chair he occupied; and as she did so she pushed her hair back from her face in a manner that he remembered well in former days.

"I am so glad to see you," she said. "Is it not odd that he should have gone so soon after what we were saying but the other day?"

"You thought then that he would not last long."

"Long is comparative. I did not think he would be dead within six weeks, or I should not have been riding there. He was a burden to me, Mr. Finn."

"I can understand that."

"And yet I shall miss him sorely. He had given all the color to my life which it possessed. It was not very bright, but still it was color."

"The house will be open to you just the same."

"I shall not go there. I shall see Lady Glencora in town, of course; but I shall not go to Matching; and as to Gatherum Castle, I would not spend another week there if they would give it me. You haven't heard of his will?"

"No—not a word. I hope he remembered you—to mention your name. You hardly wanted more."

"Just so. I wanted no more than that."

"It was made, perhaps, before you knew him."

"He was always making it, and always altering it. He left me money, and jewels of enormous value."

"I am so glad to hear it."

"But I have refused to take any thing. Am I not right?"

"I don't know why you should refuse."

"There are people who will say that—I was his mistress. If a woman be young, a man's age never prevents such scandal. I don't know that I can stop it, but I can, perhaps, make it seem to be less probable. And after all that has passed, I could not bear that the Pallisers should think that I clung to him for what I could get. I should be easier this way."

"Whatever is best to be done, you will do it; I know that."

"Your praise goes beyond the mark, my friend. I can be both generous and discreet; but the difficulty is to be true. I did take one thing—a black diamond that he always wore. I would show it you, but the goldsmith has it to make it fit me. When does the great affair come off at the House?"

"The bill will be read again on Monday, the first."

"What an unfortunate day! You remember young Mr. Maule? Is he not like his father? And yet in manners they are as unlike as possible."

"What is the father?" Phineas asked.

"A battered old beau about London, selfish and civil, pleasant and penniless, and, I should think, utterly without a principle. Come again soon. I am so anxious to hear that you are getting on. And you have got to tell me all about that shooting with the pistol." Phineas as he walked away thought that Madame Goesler was handsomer even than she used to be.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A REMARKABLE DUEL.

A GENTLEMAN traveling in the south of Africa was one day descending a mountain. Slowly and cautiously he trod; for not only was the mountain very steep, but every now and then some gliding creature appeared and vanished again among the roots and herbage. It might be a lizard bright and quick as a flash, or it might be one of the poisonous serpents with which that country abounds, and to tread on which was almost certain death. Now he held on to a branch while gaining safe footing below, now he leaped on to a projecting ledge of rock, now clung to a root, yet every where stopping to observe what was beneath and around him, and gathering treasures as he went. Heavily laden was he, besides—with a musket slung over his shoulder, a butterfly-net in his hand, and a knapsack and cases, and numberless things that go to make up the trappings of a naturalist, hung about his waist. Hands and eyes were alike busy where nature also had been busy, lavishing on every inch of space some strange and wondrous thing worth studying or preserving. Exquisite heaths or other plants must be stowed away in his tin box, then a splendid insect was entrapped, or a bird was brought down.

Thus engaged, the traveler was a long time clambering down the mountain, unmindful also of whither his rambles were leading him, when, chancing to look below, he found he was descending into a moist, boggy spot, which he knew would be the very place for the poisonous snakes he was so anxious to avoid, and to escape which would now require his utmost vigilance. Suddenly his attention was attracted by a large bird standing on a flat, sandy part of the bog, and whose actions were unaccountably strange, its movements being as rapid and eccentric as if it were going through gymnastic exercises out there in the savage desert. Quick jumps and steps with its long legs, then a succession of bends and bows, did this strange bird make; then a whirl and a sudden leap back, or a turn in the air. Wings and feet were equally active, yet, with the exception of these singular antics, it remained always on the same mound of sand, upon which, at that distance, the man could distinguish no other object likely to occasion such evolutions. The bird was not a turkey, though about the size of one, nor a stork, nor a crane, nor a vulture, though in some respects slightly resembling each of these. Could it have been picking up insects amidst those strange and rapid motions? The traveler's curiosity was keenly excited. Descending with as much speed as possible, and approaching quietly so as to observe without disturbing the proceedings, he now saw that the bird had a very singular crest formed of long feathers, like quill pens at the back of his head, sometimes lying close, and sometimes raised and sticking straight out, as pens do when lawyers' clerks put them behind their ears. Then, by this peculiar crest, the gentleman knew that it was a bird of which he had often heard, but which he had never before seen. "The secretary-bird!" he said to himself, smiling with satisfaction at this good opportunity for observing its habits. And now it was easy to perceive that this remarkable bird was fighting a duel with one of the deadly serpents of that climate, and a fierce and terrible duel it was, equal skill, vigilance, and activity being displayed on both sides. The serpent, with its jaws extended, and its poisonous fangs ready for the fatal bite, reared its terrible head, swollen with rage and venom, darting out its forked tongue and glaring with its fiery eyes, while for a moment the bird stood at bay. Then, with one of its large, strong wings spread out before its breast, exactly like a shield, it, with its other wing, dealt a blow at the raised head of the foe which struck it to the ground. Quick as lightning was the blow, and quick as lightning the dash which the snake again made at its assailant, though only to expend its venom on the feathers of the wing spread out to shield the breast. Watching its opportunity the bird, with another sudden movement, sprang upon the foe, this time to give it a kick, and prick and wound it with its talons; then, seizing it with its bill, it tossed it into the air. For a few minutes the reptile lay stunned and powerless, while its assailant stalked warily around, anticipating its slightest movement, for the cunning of the serpent and the swiftness of its gliding motions rendered it an equal match for its larger and more powerful antagonist. Finding its advantage, the bird now cautiously approached, and again with its wing swept the snake off the ground and tossed it into the air. More bruised and feeble after each fall, the deadly snake at length grew wearied and disabled, till the bird, now feeling itself secure from a stroke of the poison fangs, leaped upon its neck and held it to the ground, while with one blow of its falcon-like bill it split open its skull, and ended this extraordinary duel by gobbling its enemy up.

From the swiftness with which the snake-eater runs and hops, having long, stout legs, it is called the "messenger-bird;" but among the Dutch settlers at the Cape it is known as *slangen vrecter*—the serpent-eater—because it is so useful in destroying the dangerous snakes and other reptiles of the hot countries which it inhabits.

The farmers at the Cape sometimes keep a secretary-bird and tame it, letting it live in the farm-yard among the poultry, whose protector from snakes and other reptiles it then becomes. If the serpent-eater be allowed to get hungry it will not object to a young chicken or two itself; otherwise it will defend them, and wage war only with their common enemies, snakes, rats, lizards, and such thieves.

So valuable are the secretary-birds to the inhabitants of those countries that a punishment is imposed for destroying them; and the people of some of the West Indian islands, where also are poisonous serpents, try to breed them there, on account of their value as snake-eaters.

Our readers will, perhaps, be surprised and sorry to hear that the traveler who watched that combat between the bird and the poisonous snake shot the courageous victor. But at the time of his travels very little was known about the secretary-bird, and he, being a naturalist, wished to examine it, so that we are indebted to him for knowing some remarkable peculiarities which he then discovered in it. One was, that at the point of each wing, just whence the stroke would proceed, is a hard knob or point of bone, like a spur, growing there as if on purpose for an instrument of attack and defense, and different from what is found in the wings of any other bird. Its feet also are formed to enable it to stand firmly on the loose, soft soil which it frequents; and its legs are peculiarly adapted for the rapid hops and long steps necessary to escape the equally swift motions of the snakes. In fact, the "snake-eater," or secretary-bird, seems formed for the especial purpose of destroying those dangerous serpents, and the pluck and intelligence it displays in attacking them are marvelous, rendering it fully a match for a reptile whose cunning and subtlety are proverbial. The first approach is invariably with one wing extended in front to parry off the stroke of the serpent's fangs, which are as invariably prepared to meet it. Often a long time is occupied in dodging and watching the wary snake before a single blow with the spur-pointed wing can be safely aimed; and this was, no doubt, what the traveler witnessed in descending the mountain. The wings, long and powerful, are used not only for attack and defense, but also in place of hands, or rather, perhaps, as a shovel, when, with a peculiar sweep, the snake is tossed on them to fall bruised and disabled. Should the wearied snake attempt to give up the battle and crawl away, the bird anticipates its escape, and with a swift hop is in front again, with its wing defiantly spread to cut off retreat. Though one bite of the poisonous fangs would speedily end the bird's existence, yet, as food, those venomous snakes are not injurious to it.

Another peculiarity in the secretary-bird is its enormous appetite. A perfect cormorant is it. That naturalist who shot the snake-eater on purpose to learn and to tell to others all he could respecting it found in its crop a sufficient proof that it was a reptile-killer indeed. You will scarcely believe the number of creatures it must have eaten that same day, for half of them had not begun to be digested, and all were sufficiently sound for him easily to distinguish them: three snakes as long as his arm, besides the large one just killed, eleven lizards, and eleven little young tortoises, besides numberless large insects, such as locusts, grasshoppers, beetles, etc., which were only as so many sugar-plums to the serpent-eater.

THE LAKE DWELLINGS OF ANCIENT EUROPE.

IN January, 1854, the attention of the scientific world was directed to the discovery of the remains of dwellings in the lakes of Bienne and Zurich, after a very hard frost, following a period of long-continued drought, which greatly lowered the level of the water, and which, combined, brought to light a number of piles, which, according to Dr. KELLER, evidently supported terraces or platforms; on these platforms dwellings had been erected and inhabited by the natives of Switzerland during the stone, the bronze, and the iron periods of antiquity.

Beneath a stratum of peat, one or two feet in depth, was a second layer of about three feet in thickness, blackened by a quantity of organic matter in decomposition, and containing among the piles numerous remains of bones and implements. The piles were of oak, beech, birch, and fir.

Subsequent discoveries of a similar nature in many other lakes of Switzerland prove that these piles were generally split in three or four parts, their diameter not exceeding four or five inches, according to the opinion of Professor DESOR in his *Constructions Lacustres du Lac de Neufchâtel.*

The piles of the lake villages of the stone age were much thicker than in those of the bronze period. They consisted of entire trunks, and archæologists consider them of greater antiquity for the reason that they have been completely worn down to the surface of the mud, by which they are frequently covered, while the slenderer ones of the bronze age, although in deeper waters wherever generally found, protrude above the bottom stratum by nearly three feet. All these piles have been sharpened at their extremities either with an axe or by the action of fire. It is difficult to estimate their exact length, as the portions which rose above the water have been destroyed for several centuries. Some of the piles, however, were still more than nine feet long, while most of them were so decayed that they could be cut with as much ease as a piece of clay. They were arranged in lines parallel to the shore, unequally distant from each other, but averaging about eighteen inches.

Since these discoveries in the lakes of Zurich and Bienne numerous remains of other villages in the same lakes have been observed. As many as twenty have been described in the lake of Bienne, thirty-two in the lake of Constance, and forty-nine in that of Neufchatel. In fact, all the lakes of Switzerland probably contained in ancient times lake dwellings of greater or less extent.

These villages, however, were not all erected on the same plan, as, instead of having merely terraces placed on piles, the lake men often raised the bottom of the lake by throwing in solid masses of mud and stones, binding the whole firmly together by means of stakes, and horizontally by layers of wood. Sir J. LUBBOCK is of the opinion that the latter way of building prevailed only in small lakes or morasses, as in stormy weather the waves of the great lakes would have injured their massive construction, while they would pass harmlessly through the open works of the piles. Similar constructions have been discovered in other countries, especially in Ireland, where they are called *Crannoges.*

Some of these lake dwellings must have stretched over a great extent of water; but probably in many instances they were not intended for the abodes of more than one family, and resembled in some respects the huts of pile-works erected in Cuba by the sponge gatherers, being subsequently enlarged by new piles for the support of additional huts, erected for other families who assembled for the purpose of fishing or defense.

In our day many settlements of a similar character are still erected among uncivilized tribes. Travelers have mentioned the pile-works of the Dyacks in the island of Borneo, those of New Guinea, and other parts of the world. Some doubt exists as to the form of the houses, or huts, supported by the terraces, but we may conjecture that the majority were built in a round shape, as we know the habitations of the Celtic tribes have been constructed in that way, closely resembling the African dwellings of the Arvan tribes now living on the banks of the White Nile; but some of them were rectangular, probably to avoid the superfluity of small buildings, and as soon as the village began to contain a larger population these rectangular houses were divided into several partitions to accommodate more families, and were undoubtedly on the same plan described by DUMONT D'URVILLE, who, in speaking of a Papuan village, remarks: "Each village contains from eight to eighteen houses, erected on piles, but each house is an assemblage of different cells, occupied by several families. Some have a double row of cells, separated by a passage running the whole length of the building."

From fragments of clay which have been preserved by hardening in a fire, it is conjectured that the huts were lined with clay and the interstices filled with moss. There are dwellings of this kind now met with in remote parts of France, the walls being first latticed with posts and branches, and afterward coated with loam. From the form and size of the fragments discovered, it is evident, as we have before stated, that some of the huts were circular, and about ten or even fifteen feet in diameter.

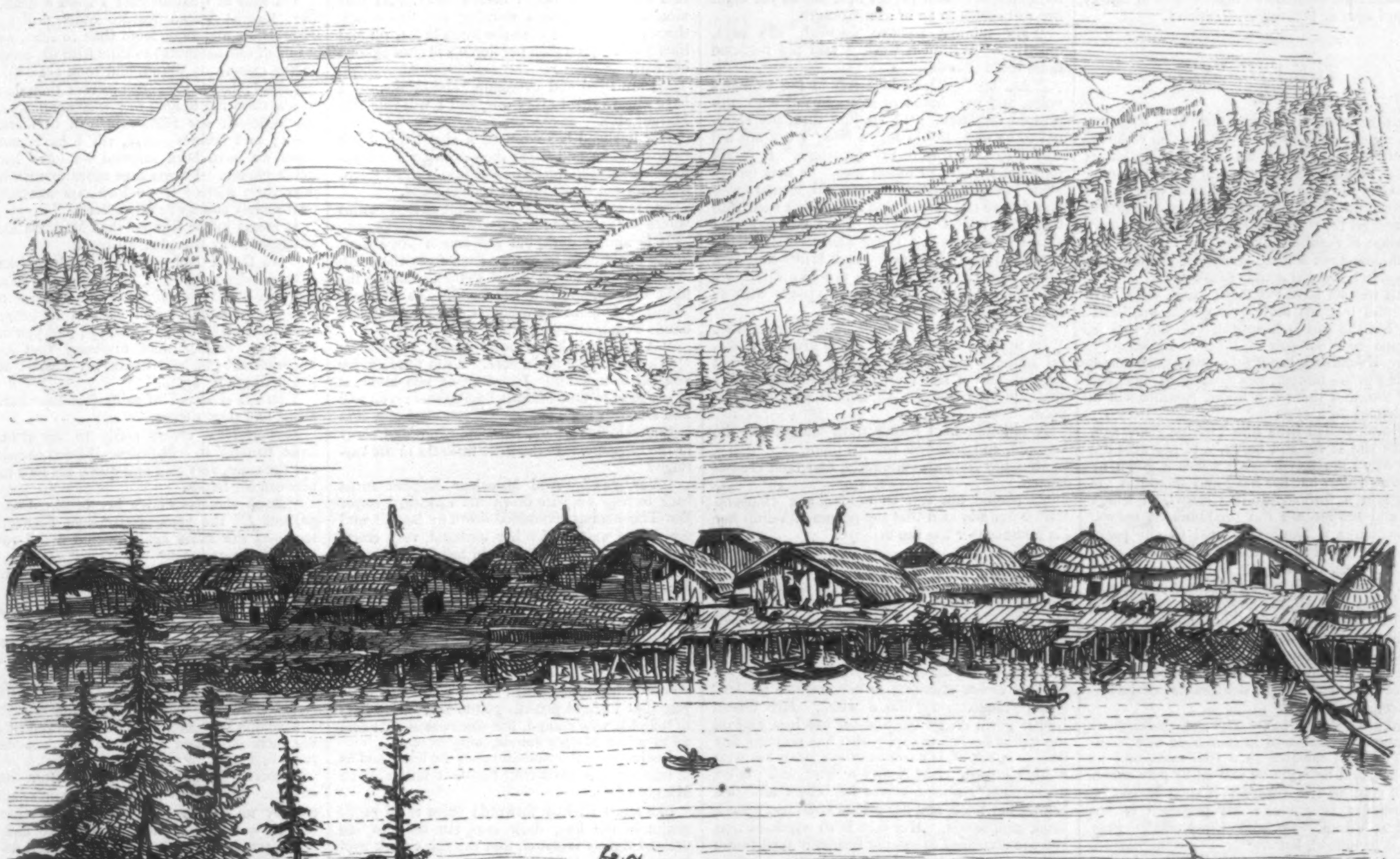
Since the first discoveries in the Swiss lakes many buildings have been examined, and their number, as well as the objects found among their ruins, have furnished archæologists with the means of classifying them as belonging to the period of the stone, the bronze, and the iron ages. The first contain only flint implements, the second instruments made of bronze, and the third, but few in number, iron tools.

If the remains of dwellings of so remote an antiquity create in us an interest second to none, our curiosity is greatly increased when we learn that on the site on which these dwellings were erected are found the articles daily used by people separated from us by many centuries. The flint implements dug up from concealed places reveal to us the habits and employments of men unknown to history. The number and variety of objects found is sufficient to acquaint us with the degree of civilization these tribes had attained. The tools and arms consist of arrow-heads, or lances, axes, hammers, knives, chisels, corn-crushers, etc. There are also other very hard stones cut in the form of dice, generally made of quartz of a yellow or reddish color. Archæologists think these are sling stones, but this is very doubtful, as the work lavished upon them precludes the idea of their having been intended for such use.

From the materials of which these implements were made we have also acquired a knowledge of the commercial intercourse which the tribes of this age must have had with those of other countries. The flint stones are not generally met with in Switzerland, and the great number of specimens found in the lakes induce the belief that they were imported from France. In fact, they were so abundant and of such varied workmanship that it is believed some of the villages were manufactories of flint implements. Commercial intercourse was not restricted to a neighboring country, as implements made of jade, a greenish stone of the East, seem to imply an intercourse carried on with more distant lands. By some it is, however, maintained that jade actually occurs in the rocks of Switzerland.

Several Swiss archæologists, especially MM. MORLOT and TROYON, have attempted to estimate the number of centuries which have elapsed since the lake settlements were built, and both obtained very nearly the same result. Of the three layers of vegetable soil, the first represents the Roman period, as containing Roman tiles and coin—a lapse of sixteen centuries; for the second layer, or bronze age, six inches thick, and at a depth of ten feet, containing unvarnished pottery and a pair of tweezers in bronze—three or four thousand years; and the third layer, six or seven inches thick and nineteen feet in depth, containing rude pottery, charcoal, broken bones, a human skeleton having a small, round, and very thick skull, gave the number of five thousand or seven thousand years.

If it is necessary to ascribe a certain limitation to the different periods of which we have spoken, in order to facilitate research and to obtain some accuracy in the study of those mysterious ages, we must not attempt to divide the several epochs too sharply, as it is certain some of the most ancient villages of one age continued to exist into



THE LAKE DWELLINGS OF ANCIENT EUROPE.

that following, implements belonging to both periods having been found together. As a proof of the obstinacy with which men adhere to old customs, we record the discovery of a Celtic grave, in which, among different objects, such as shells, stones cut as though for ornaments, bones of animals, etc., was an arrow made of iron, and a beautiful flint hatchet. This grave, discovered near Mantes, reveals the fact that, in spite of the age of iron, flint arms were still used by the Celts.

Meanwhile we do not suppose that the entire population lived in aquatic dwellings, as these tribes had evidently some knowledge of agriculture. They possessed wheat, barley, and millet, and their food consisted principally of grain, fish, the flesh of tame or wild animals, and fruits, such as hazel and beech nuts, wild plums, etc. Some learned men are of the opinion that the beginning of the bronze age marked the advent of a new race, the Celts; but Dr. Keller believes that the difference in the dwellings of the two periods is merely the development of a progressive race. It appears, however, quite probable that the introduction of bronze was owing to the immigration of a new people perhaps not Celts.

In the accompanying engraving, representing lake dwellings of different sizes, an effort has been made to give a correct idea of those remarkable constructions, and to show how closely they resembled similar dwellings among the savages of the present day. How remarkable to find still the same rude settlements after scores of centuries and ages of boasted civilization!

THE EVIL-EYE.

I.

Bright scarlet pomegranates and fragrant, softly tinted roses cling round a wooden veranda, and above them are vines and star-blossomed myrtles, breathing sweetness into the soft evening air. Overhead the sky is cloudless, with purple and green tints rarely seen in Northern countries, and, besides these tokens, there is a more human indication of Southern climate.

A middle-aged woman sits under the veranda, and beside her a girl stands speaking.

Both women have Southern faces, clear olive skins, and lustrous dark eyes; both are handsome, but the girl is beautiful. So far, that is, as shape and features and skin can beautify, Thérèse Nouailles is beautiful; but, as she stands speaking to her mother, she looks imperious, and fretful too, and there is a fierce, resolute will in her splendid dark eyes.

Her mother had been like Thérèse years ago, but now she is fat and bulky, and her eyes are rather wily than fierce. She wears a gown of pale straw color, but her head and shoulders are wrapped in a brilliant Indian shawl, in which black and scarlet are the predominant colors. She looks like a handsome sibyl as she peers through the shawl at her daughter's face.

"I tell thee, my mother, I hate delay. At Véron there is a rich home waiting for me, and I long to see it. Ah, my mother, remember that I have been poor all my life; it is a glorious feeling to think that I shall never want money again."

The mother's eyes glisten; there is a keen look on her face, which augurs some sympathy with this love of money, and yet she resents her daughter's words.

"Take care, Thérèse. The dog threw away substance, thou knowest, in snatching at a shadow. Thou art married to a rich man, and he loves thee, and he is gentle and easily persuaded. He will stay here in Chardes if thou willest it. His property is funded; his presence is not needed at Véron. Be guided, my child. Stay here; it is, indeed, better."

The mother's voice grows imploring. At first a selfish wish to keep her rich son-in-law and his money at Chardes moved her; but, as she speaks, the picture of her daughter's dull life alone with this quiet old man is realized by her fervid fancy.

"Stay here," she repeats, "among thy old companions, and near thy father and me."

"Merci, ma mère. No. I have decided. I must see my husband's home. If I stay here I am only Thérèse married instead of Thérèse single; but at Véron"—she curves her graceful neck, and her eyes shine out with the coming triumph she pictures—"I shall be Madame Dupont, wife of the richest land-owner except the seigneur himself. What do I know? It is possible that when the ladies at the château see me they will be only too glad to welcome me, and to admit me to their intimacy."

Madame Nouailles shakes her head.

"That might be possible here, in the South, Thérèse, where our claims and old descent are known; but the Northerners are a cold-blooded, insensible people, and thy beauty even will not break down the stiff barriers set between classes up there."

"Monsieur Dupont is not cold-blooded." The young beauty laughs and blushes; her courtship has been very short, and her husband dotes on her.

"No." The mother pauses an instant. "Monsieur Dupont is all that can be desired in a husband, or I should not have presented him to thee, Thérèse. Monsieur Dupont stays here happy and contented, and although he is so much older, he stands by cheerfully, and sees thee dance and amuse thyself with thy old companions; but at Véron all this will be changed. Here Monsieur Dupont considers that I am still beside thee, and all that I permit is to be permitted; but far away at Véron he will be thy sole guardian; and my Thérèse loves pleasure dearly, and it is possible that, at his age, Monsieur Dupont may not care for the gayety which is to thee so necessary."

Thérèse turns away pouting, but, as her mother ends, a confidential smile chases the pout from the girl's lovely lips.

"My mother, if I were to bid Monsieur Dupont stand on his head, he would try to obey me." Her mother laughs, and Thérèse flushes with quick anger. "I say this in praise of my husband. He is every thing I wish."

She moves away to the end of the long, low house, and stands looking at the exquisite sky; at least her great passionate eyes are lifted to it, but her thoughts are all of earth.

"And can my mother think that I have married so old a man, given up all chance of a young and handsome husband, to stay contentedly under her wing at Chardes? No, I must have something more than this for my sacrifice." She begins to pace up and down. "My mother says that at Véron no one will know any thing about me. Well, they soon shall know something about Madame Dupont. I will stop in Paris on our way, and see whether I like the bonnets and dresses there better than my own. My husband says that jewelry would spoil my beauty, but I think seeing is believing. If he is so rich, it is better to decorate me than to hoard. Yes, I have decided. I will not stay another week in Chardes."

She gives a little stamp by way of seal to her purpose, then, as she turns abruptly, she meets her mother face to face.

Madame Nouailles has crept up, silently. She puts her hands on her daughter's shoulders. The girl is startled by the unusual action. She looks inquiringly.

She sees a fresh remonstrance in her mother's imploring eyes and parted lips, but at the sight her will seems to be of iron strength.

"My mother, I have decided," she says, quietly. "Within a week I and my husband must leave Chardes."

"Ah, no!" There is a sob in the woman's voice, and her shoulders rise and fall with suppressed agitation. "I conjure thee, my child, not to be rash, not to tempt fate; I can not tell why I so shrink from thy departure. It is not only the thought of losing thee. It may be because I detest the North and its cold, formal ways. But I have one reason that may weigh even with thee, my willful Thérèse. I do not like that thou shouldst go to a house where already there is a mistress." Thérèse's black brows knit in a fierce frown. "I say I do not like this Mère Mangin, of whom thy husband speaks with so much praise."

Thérèse bends down and kisses her mother. "Be at ease, my mother." She gives a cheerful smile. "La Mère Mangin is an ugly old woman, and if she does not please me, why, I shall send her away. Ah, here is Monsieur Dupont."

A tall thin man comes from underneath the veranda, and advances toward them.

Madame Nouailles shudders, and then crosses herself.

"I should not fear so much," she whispers, "if he had not said that the people of Véron say his housekeeper has the evil-eye."

II.

La Mère Mangin is a tall dark woman, with long narrow black eyes, and an ever-changing play of countenance. The children of Véron call her a witch, and their mothers say that she has the evil-eye; but this is only whispered, for no one prospers who is on unfriendly terms with her.

Look at her standing in her master's garden. She is, indeed, very like a witch. Her brown cotton gown clings close about her legs, and on the top of her white cap, which has scarcely any frills to speak of, is a coarse brown straw hat with a high crown. She wears a blue and yellow neckerchief strained across her chest and tied behind her back, and her folded arms rest upon a black stuff apron. Her face is so wrinkled that you are surprised to see her suddenly turn round and go tripping toward the house like a young girl: perhaps the movement can scarcely be described as tripping; it is quieter, more cat-like.

She pauses when she reaches the low-browed entrance. The house itself is a large, square, gloomy-looking place; inside the long, narrow passage the flag-stones are green with damp, and tell how little life goes on within the old stone walls.

She pulls a letter out of her pocket, and begins to read it through again. By the time she has reached the end she is frowning heavily.

"Yes, yes," she says to herself, "my master, Monsieur Dupont, is excellent, but the best of men have their faults; he is good and gentle, but he is also weak and obstinate; he loved his wife, that poor pink-and-white, meek Josephine. Yes, he had for her a passion that is not to be believed; and when she died, in the first year of her marriage, he was so obstinate he would not take comfort. He shut himself up, he shut up the house from light and air, till it has become more like a prison than a house. Ciel! I do not know how it will ever recover it; and now what has happened?—six months ago he departs, without consulting me, and now he is to bring home a wife. Well, we shall see who will be mistress. I am too old for change."

She has left off scowling, but her smile has something far more fearful than her frown.

III.

The wind is rising fast; clouds, at first gauzy, but lately thickening in texture, scud more and more rapidly across the sky to join a leaden, humid mass of vapor that seems to be spreading upward from the horizon.

There is still some light on the river, but it looks cold and ghastly to Monsieur Dupont's young bride, as she catches a glimpse of it through the weird, white-limbed birch-trees that border the road.

She has been so impatient to reach her new home that she refused to sleep on the road, and she is very tired with the long, wearisome journey. They have left the diligence at the last market-town, and have been jolting along the stony road in an old-fashioned vehicle, with a hood for the passengers, and a small seat perched up in front for the driver.

Thérèse shivers, and draws her head again within the hood.

"Monsieur Dupont," she says, in a fretful voice, "how much longer is it along this dismal road?"

No answer comes, and she bends over to the corner where her husband sits, and touches his shoulder with her hand.

A loud snore—a start—and then—

"Ah, oui, Margot, fais comme tu voudras," follows the snore.

Thérèse leans back in her corner with a look of disgust.

"Foolish old man," she says; and then she smiles, "Poor old dear, I am hard-hearted; the journey has been too much for his politeness. I wish I could go to sleep too."

But she can not sleep; her mind is restless, and the fatigue from which she suffers has fevered her. She wishes she had consented to sleep at the last town they stopped at; then she should have escaped this lonely journey, and should have reached her home in bright morning light.

There is a sudden jolt. Monsieur Dupont starts awake this time, and looks round him with staring eyes. As these reach his wife he recovers consciousness.

"We shall be at home very soon now, mon amie, and then Margot shall take care of thee."

He puts out his hand and takes hers, but Thérèse shivers, and draws herself away. At that moment her mother's warning assumes a new shape; for the first time she hears in it truth and likelihood. And then her fierce will rises against her fear.

"I am tired and overdone," she thinks. "I have always ruled every one, and I will rule this Margot also."

Her husband has wrapped a shawl round her since he woke, and either the warmth or her complete exhaustion lulls Thérèse into a short sleep. She does not rouse till the vehicle stops.

She is so tired that she does not at first realize where she is. She leans forward and looks out.

It is almost dark, but she sees a large dark house standing a little way back from the road. At the open door is a tall woman, shading the light of a lamp with her hand. As she sees Monsieur Dupont the woman runs up and shakes hands with him.

"A la bonne heure notre maître," she says. "Why, you have flown here. I did not look for you till to-morrow. However, as you know, it is not easy to find Margot unprepared; you will find all ready but a fire, and, if you need one, that is soon kindled; here, Louison, come and carry in the baggage. Is the little mistress in the carriage?"

"Yes, yes." And Monsieur Dupont turns back to help his wife down the awkward steps. But Thérèse has scrambled down by herself, and she stands waiting for her husband, very erect, and with a tempest of pride in her face.

"You had better tell your servant that I am Madame Dupont," she says, very coldly, and so slowly that it seems as if she had measured the space between her words.

Monsieur Dupont is sensitive, and he shrinks into himself at the changed tone.

"I hardly consider Marguerite an ordinary servant," he says, gently; "but I came to fetch you, that I might present you to her." He tries to take his wife's hand, but she sweeps past him up to where Margot stands, lamp in hand.

Instinctively the woman raises the light, and as it falls on the advancing figure it falls also on Margot's face.

She leans slightly forward; there is an eager gleam in the long dark eyes, but the lips are pressed tightly together, and the thick dark eyebrows meet in an intense frown.

There is malice and strength in Margot's face, and for an instant Thérèse falters in her purpose. Her mother's warning comes back; she feels chilled and fearful; but she hears her husband's footsteps coming fast up the walk.

She makes a slight bow as she reaches Margot.

"You are the housekeeper, I suppose. Go on first, and show the way to whatever room you have prepared for me."

She does not look at her—and she would not read much on the tutored face; Margot turns a little pale, and her thin lips smile, but she goes on first, and opens the door of a small room.

She goes in, lights two old-fashioned sconces on each side of the fire-place, and then departs, closing the door behind her.

Thérèse looks round and starts, then gives a little cry, crosses herself, and flies to the door which Margot has closed on her.

The candles in the sconces shed only a feeble light on the dark walls, but facing her are two skeletons, and on the table below there is a large skull.

IV.

At the end of Monsieur Dupont's garden farthest from the house there was a thickly planted grove of sycamore-trees; beyond this was a gate leading into a field, and on the right of this gate through the trees you could see another gate, set in the ivy-covered fence that bordered that side of the garden.

Margot stood by this smaller gate, basket in hand, for within the fence lay the kitchen-garden—her treasury not only for herbs, but also for the curious plants out of which she brewed the decoctions which had made her famous in Véron.

Monsieur had practiced surgery in his youth, and had also given medical advice; and Margot had studied his books to some purpose, and probably was the best doctor of the two.

There was a scowl on her face as she went into the kitchen-garden.

"Monsieur bids me make a tisane for madame; and when I answer she will not drink it, he has looked at me more sternly than he ever did before. I hate her!"

She begins to gather dandelion leaves, snapping them off with a sharp nip of her bony thumb and finger, as if she wants to hurt some one, and is forced to give vent to the feeling on that which comes nearest. "I will not bear much more"—the words drop from her lips in broken sentences. "I thought Félix Dupont, for his own sake, would have taught her how to behave; she has neither tact nor temper, and she is a fool." Margot smiles at the last word in an unpleasant manner, and then her quick ears catch the sound of voices among the sycamore-trees; she crouches down near a hole in the fence and listens.

"No, my sweet friend"—it is Monsieur Dupont's voice, and it sounds vexed—"I am sorry to refuse thee—it is harder than thou knowest."

"Then why give yourself the pain?"

"Because I love thee really, my child, and I would keep our life together free from clouds."

"At least, then, I ought to have a reason given me. I only ask that all our friends and neighbors, who have seemed so glad to see me, may come and dance in my honor; it is not much to ask, and why am I refused?"

Margot laughs to herself as she crouches under the hedge.

"Tiens! she has a rare temper, but Félix Dupont must be doting indeed if he submits to a tone like that." She listens eagerly for her master's answer, but he waits before he gives it.

"Thérèse, do not make me call thee willful. I told thee at Chardes that I lived a quiet, dull life; that at Véron we are quiet, dull people. Every now and then, from time to time, we ask a few of our neighbors to dine with us, according to the custom of Véron, and thou shalt do this, my child; but a fête, such as that thou desirest, would raise the tongue of gossip against us, and would lessen our friends instead of increasing them; and besides—hush, till I have ended—since we have been married we have had too much gayety. I want thee more to myself, my dear little friend; if we love one another, our own society should be all-sufficient."

It seems to the listener that Madame Dupont struggles away from her husband.

"Oh that I had staid at Chardes!" the girl sobs, passionately. "I have never lived a dull life, and I will not; if you had a quarter of the love for me which you pretend to have, you would not make me so unhappy; but you do not love me. Sooner than displease that hateful housekeeper, you will break my heart. Either she shall go, or I will."

There is a sound of swift footsteps hurrying away, and then silence.

Margot rises, creeps softly to the gate, and looks through it. Monsieur Dupont stands under the trees, very still and quiet, his face hidden between his hands.

"Bon! she has shown her hand. She shall go, not I," the housekeeper says, between her teeth, as she hides again behind a tall row of scarlet-runners.

When she comes again to the gate, Monsieur Dupont is out of sight.

Margot goes in-doors. She is anxious to see how the young mistress bears defeat; but Thérèse is not in either of the down-stairs rooms, and presently, when the housekeeper makes an excuse to go to madame's bedroom, she finds the door locked.

Madame Dupont kept her door locked till noon the next day, then she came into the eating-room and rang for coffee.

Hitherto Margot had refrained from remonstrance. She foiled Madame Dupont's haughty airs by an apparent unconsciousness that any offense was meant, and this reticence had been part stratagem, part love for her master, and desire to spare him pain.

To-day she brought in the coffee herself, and she saw with satisfaction the pale cheeks and heavy eyes of her master's wife. It seemed to her that her time to speak had come.

"Madame has not slept well," she said, with a keen look through her half-closed eyelids.

No answer except a haughty movement of the graceful neck.

"Monsieur has not slept either." Margot drew near, and put her hand on the young lady's chair. "Ah, madame, it makes me sad to see my master unhappy."

Thérèse's first impulse was to bid the woman leave her, but she checked this; there was a new sound in Margot's voice, and the girl's heart beat fast in vague terror. The dread that had seized her on that first night had been lulled by the housekeeper's indifference; but now the old fear was coming back. She dared not look up; "the evil-eye" might even now be blighting her. Margot's appeal had startled her—the woman was impertinent and interfering, but she was plainly moved by love for her master, and secretly Thérèse felt ashamed of her own treatment of her gentle, loving husband.

Margot was surprised at her silence.

"The bird is tamed so soon, is it?" She closed her eyes on this thought, and stood weighing the possibility of governing Thérèse instead of getting rid of her.

"I will go and tell monsieur," she said, "that madame wishes to see him."

"You will do no such thing; you had better mind your own business, or you may get into trouble. All you have to do is to take care of the house, and see that it goes as it should do. You can leave me; I prefer to be alone."

Thérèse spoke haughtily, but she did not look at the housekeeper. Margot bent over the high-backed chair till her face almost touched Madame Dupont.

"Good counsel should always be welcome. Madame is very young, and she does not, perhaps, remember that the chief duty of a wife is submission. Monsieur is more unhappy than I have ever seen him since the death of madame, and he did well to regret her—she never gave any one an unkind word. She consulted me in every thing."

"Then she was a fool."

Thérèse's anger mastered her fear, and she pushed back her chair impatiently. It struck the housekeeper a sharp blow as she still bent over it.

Margot whitened till she looked like a dead woman, and Thérèse trembled as she glanced at her face.

"She was what you will never be—she was an angel. She made others happy, you live only for your own pleasure; her death was blessed, yours will be a curse."

Margot had kept calm outwardly; but the blow, which she believed was intentional, had made her furious; her words came without her control.

Thérèse's indignation conquered all discretion. She stepped forward and gave the insolent servant a box on the ear.

"Go away, do you hear me? Insolent!" She stamped her foot. "I do not wish ever to see you again. You can tell Monsieur Dupont I have discharged you."

Margot stood drawn up to her full height, colorless except for a faint streak on the cheek which Thérèse had struck.

"I will tell your master and mine what you say," she said, her voice full of contempt.

Thérèse looked up quickly; a flush of shame had spread over her face; but when she met Margot's eyes, she blanched at once, and caught at the chair to save herself from falling. It seemed to the unhappy girl that through those half-closed dark eyes an evil spirit was looking at her, smiling in malignant triumph. Before she recovered herself Margot had departed.

V.

It is late evening, and the wind is cold and searching; it blows pitilessly through the sycamore-trees, and sends with each blast a fresh tribute of leaves into the dark water that lies in the field beyond the gate. The water eddies and trembles as if it, too, shrinks from the chill blast. Monsieur Dupont, hurrying home across the field, shakes his head at the accumulation of leaves and broken twigs on the water.

"It must be cleansed to-morrow," he says, "or the fish will be choked."

And then, as he opens the gate and passes into the garden, Monsieur Dupont sighs, and wonders whether his wife's temper will be changed.

Margot has told her story, and he is angry as well as grieved with his wife. He has only seen Thérèse for a few minutes, for she insists on Margot's instant dismissal. As he walks slowly to the house, so full of discord now, the memory of his sweet, loving Josephine comes back, and he sighs still more heavily.

"I was happier alone with Margot," he murmurs, as he goes slowly and heavily into the house.

He finds Thérèse pacing up and down the large bare dining-room. She stops when she sees her husband, but she does not speak or smile.

Monsieur Dupont walks up to her.

"My wife," he says, very gravely, "Christian people can not live as thou and I have been living these last three days, and I love thee too well to suffer thee to commit injustice without repairing it. I will never permit Marguerite to be impertinent, but I can not discharge so good a servant. I must ask thee to apologize for the blow thou hast struck her. I am quite sure thou dost repent it."

Thérèse's eyes flash such brilliant scorn that the poor man cowers.

"Then you choose between me and her. I have said I will not live with her, and I will keep my word."

Monsieur Dupont shakes his head.

"Thérèse, thou hast made me frightened as well as sad; such a temper is a curse. It is not Margot, it is thyself, thou must learn to rule."

She gives him a passionate glance, and hurries away to her room.

"I must write to her," he thought; "she will not listen to my words."

That night the wind rose to storm fury; it burst into the houses through windows, hurled huge slates off the old roofs, and brought many a tree crashing down into the river. But Thérèse did not hear it. She paced her lonely room up and down till twilight faded into darkness, and even then she went on pacing up and down. There came a sudden tap at the door, and she started with a scream of terror.

"C'est moi, madame." The twang of Louison's voice soothed Thérèse's fear; she went to the door and opened it. A sudden shrinking from her loneliness made her glad even to see Louison. The girl had a lamp in one hand and a letter in the other. She held the letter to Madame Dupont.

"But madame has no light." She peered over the young lady's shoulder into the dark room.

"Give me your lamp," Thérèse said. She longed to ask Louison to stay with her, but the girl turned away when she had set the lamp on the table.

Thérèse seated herself and looked at the letter. It was from her husband.

"Folly!" she said, angrily. "A sermon, I suppose."

At the first few words her eyes softened and her bosom heaved, Monsieur Dupont assured his wife so tenderly that his only wish was to make her happy; but as he went on in praise of Margot's good qualities, the dark eyebrows knitted and the fierceness came back. The letter ended with these words: "It is better to submit to a little that we do not like than to lose so good a housekeeper. I can not turn away so old and attached a servant even for thee; and besides this, I make it a special request that thou wilt apologize for the blow. After this there will be peace."

Thérèse started up and flung the letter on the floor.

"Selfish old fool! I see it now. He cares for his peace and his untroubled life more than any thing—much, much more than he cares for me. Well, he shall have it. I will go away, and leave him to find out what it is to lose me. Yes, I will go—" She stopped and put both hands to her temples; they seemed to be swelling with the dizzy tumult within her brain. Where should she go? Not to Chardes, where she had thought to make a triumphant return. She could not go there as a fugitive. Where could she go?

She shivered, and leaned against the wall of her room. She could not go into that great cold outside world alone. Would it not be better to stay here? But the tiny whisper was silenced instantly.

"No, no—never!" She stood erect again, her eyes flashing, her hands clinched. "I can not stay unless I beg pardon of that woman. Ah, she is no woman—she is a fiend!—her eyes—her eyes!" she covered her face with quivering fingers. "And he—he is determined, or he would not write in that cold manner; he would come himself and entreat me to be friends. Friends!" She laughed scornfully. "I begin to hate the old wretch, and if I did stay here, to live shut up alone with him would be hell—hell! Well, there is one fiend here already"—her eyes grew wilder, and she talked aloud in her excitement. "Yes, she has the evil-eye; I felt it scorch my brain. And she has said my death shall be a curse. No, the curse be on him who brought me here—lured me under the same roof with this fiend; my curse on her too! Ah, my mother, if I had but listened to thee, if I had but staid in Chardes; but that is idle now; I am doomed. If I stay, I can only wither slowly under this fire—it is in my heart and in my brain; if I fly, it will follow me, for she is no woman, and her terrible eye—ah, what do I know, even now it is destroying me!"

She flung herself on the floor.

La Mère Mangin rose early. She was always up and dressed before her lazy help arrived, for Louison did not sleep in the house. This morning, to her surprise, she found the door leading into the garden open.

"Did I forget to lock it, then, last night?" she said, with a puzzled face.

Louison was late. The fire was lit and the kitchen swept before her sabots came clattering down the stone passage.

Margot turned round with a reprimand on her thin lips, but the sight of Louison's face stayed her tongue. The girl looked clay color, and she dropped into a chair as if she had received a blow.

"There is a ghost, Mère Mangin—a ghost who walks among the trees là-bas," and she points to the garden. "Pierrot has seen it while he was looking for mushrooms—a ghost with long black hair, and all in white."

La mère grows pale, and her narrow eyes shrink into a line.

"Hold thy peace, simpleton; do not let the master hear of such folly. Here, mind the coffee-pot an instant."

For a sudden thought, almost a fear, has come to Margot, and she hurries up to the room of Madame Dupont. She opens the door gently. She is surprised to find it unlocked.

The room is empty, the bed has not been slept in, but the clothes which Madame Dupont wore yesterday lie in a heap on the floor.

Margot takes this in at a glance, and then she goes to find Monsieur Dupont.

"Have you seen madame?"

His face answers her, and she hurries on to the garden. She searches every corner, and then, with slow, unwilling steps she goes to the silent pool beneath the trees. It is covered with fallen leaves, and one or two large boughs have been wrenched off by the wind, and stretch their arms as if they were snakes writhing on the water.

Margot stands peering down into the water as if she thought she could see to the bottom.

Her arm is roughly seized.

"What do you here, wasting time?" Monsieur Dupont says, hoarsely. "You have driven her away—find her, I tell you, find her at once."

Margot only shakes her head and points to the pool, and the wind moans sadly among the trees.

They seek her at Chardes, for at first Monsieur Dupont will only believe that she has sought refuge among her own people; but Thérèse is not there, and her parents cry shame on the gray-haired husband who has failed to make their daughter happy. They search the neighborhood of Véron, and at last, in sheer weariness, Monsieur Dupont permits the pool to be searched, but Thérèse is never found.

Some of the old folks of Véron shake their heads and say there are deep holes in the pond, and that Margot knows of them, and that till the missing wife is found the house of Félix Dupont will be haunted. And it is whispered that in every September in gusty weather, just when the dawn brings a ghastly light over the damp, dismal house, a tall white woman with long black hair glides through the garden and disappears among the sycamores.

La Mère Mangin has never seen the ghost, and no one would dare to tell her of it, but she is avoided more than ever. She rules supremely now in the old house, but she looks aged and anxious, and there is in her eyes the same seeking, expectant expression which you see in her master's.

Félix Dupont is always seeking his lost Thérèse. As he goes through Véron the children point at the withered, bent old man, and cry out,

"There goes the old Dupont looking for his witch-wife."

And as he goes, the poor broken man murmurs, "My poor unhappy child—my lost Thérèse—shall I ever find thee?"

VENICE.

To-day Venice unites to the poetry of her arts the poetry of her recollections, and to the poetry of her recollections the poetry of her sadness. Her palaces are crumbling to decay, her statues fall in pieces from their pedestals, the smiling figures of her pictures vanish as the butterflies at the rude breath of winter. The blow which occasioned the variation of human movement toward other regions, as a consequence of the apparition of America in the world, and the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope; the wound which ruined her commerce is not of a nature to be cured by her recent liberty, because liberty can not balance or undo geographical fatalities. Venice is dying. Only in place of dying as an outcast in an Austrian dungeon, she dies like an honored matron in the bosom of her home and surrounded by her children. Venice fell at the foot of the cradle of America, like Iphigenia at the foot of the cradle of Greece. The paths of humanity are strewed with victims, and progress is not exempted from this law of necessity. Life is nourished upon death. But on this account it is not the less sad to see a city perish—a city whose Doges had the imperial crown of Byzantium so often in their hands, and repelled it by the Phrygian cap of the old republic; to see a city fall whose standard terrified the Turks, and awakened the powers and energies of labor and commerce; to behold the death of a city whose liberties are the most ancient of the Christian era, and who alone has been the England of the Middle Ages; to watch the slow decay of a city who in her cups of crystal, in her bacchanalian banquets, in her sensual songs, in her coral garlands and sea flowers, brought to our hearts and imaginations the immortal aroma of the Renaissance. How I regretted in that voyage through the streets of Venice that I was not a poet, or an orator, or a writer of any merit—that I could not lament with eloquence the death of that city unique in the world! Ideas of mourning and desolation only were inspired by those floating coffins, those sombre palaces, the magnificent half-ruined windows, the tortuous labyrinth of narrow streets and gloomy canals, the shadows outlined on the high bridges, the broken steps of marble kissed by the wavelets, the murmur of the water like tear falling on tear, and the cries of the gondoliers, which sounded like a wail repeated by another lament.

Of the arts, I confess that in my opinion the most wonderful and impressive is that of architecture. The stones of Venice, shaped by design as the notes of a piece of music or the parts of a discourse, where beauty and harmony are both expressed, give pure and intellectual pleasure. The great lines, the broad spaces, the ambitious arches, the aerial cupolas, the columns with their adornments, the galleries with their perspectives, the court-yards and their cloisters, force upon the mind profound meditations, and always express the genius of the age with its symbolical character. I admire greatly the Grecian architecture, its soberness, its severe simplicity, its infinite gracefulness, the facility with which it expresses great sentiments with small means, and attains to beauty without doing violence to form, putting a light frieze, squared, on four fronts of intercolumniations, the whole being in perfect harmony and proportion. I also admire the Romans, who placed, one over the other, three kinds of architecture in their monuments, as they placed one above another the three ages of history in their code of laws and in their civilization. And I shall never forget the great dome of the Pantheon where Paganism expired, nor the triumphal arches and magnificent gates of the new age of the world. Above all, the sentiment with which ancient art always inspires me is a profound admiration for simplicity of form, and for a resemblance to nature in expression. But this enthusiasm for ancient art does not prevent me from doing justice to all the bold and striking beauties of architecture. Nothing is more illiberal than the exclusiveness of art. The architects of the past age—those destitute of refined taste—in their great dislike of the Gothic, succeeded in erecting some grand buildings, not such as could speak to the imagination, but dumb, severe, rigid with all the stiffness of death. There are styles of architecture distinguished by the knowledge they express, by their complete subjection to the laws of harmony and proportion—such are the Greek and the Roman. Over these centuries have passed, and other things more destructive than ages—the unthinking and devastating rage of men; but that has been unable to prevail against their imperturbable strength and stability. Doubtless there are architectures distinguished by their expression, such as the Oriental and the Gothic. Venice appears in Granada, because Venice has an exclusive and suitable architecture, born of her peculiar historical circumstances, and representative of the ministry exercised by her between the East and the West. In like manner the people of Granada, always preserving that Moorish character which arrived at perfection in the mosque of Cordova, approached the Gothic; the Venetians, preserving the Byzantine and Gothic styles, general in the Middle Ages, flung over them like a golden veil the rich jewels of the East. Thus Venice has created this series of monuments that are the wonder of wonders by their variety and their riches. If you go and examine them with Vitruvius in your hand, with the rules of Vignola in your mind, taking with you a square and compass, submitting them to a rigid mathematical examination, demanding from them a blind obedience to the laws of proportional harmony, ready to feel indignant if you see a gallery supported by iron-work, or a heavy column placed upon a slender one, as if ridiculing the general principles of gravity—if you see that a mass of marble weighs like a mountain over the delicate tracery of a light aerial gallery—if you place mathematics over all and above all, you do not appreciate those edifices of the Middle Ages, that above all and before all place the wealth of expression, the riches of greatness, far-fetched and hyperbolical perhaps, but at the same time extremely beautiful. Whenever the arts unfold themselves they strongly influence their surroundings. Venice is a magician, who obliges artists to follow her, and impresses her kiss of fire on their foreheads. The artists of the fifteenth century built severe edifices in Rome at the same time that the florid Gothic expanded its open-work roses in all Europe as the first flowers of the April of the Renaissance; and the Venetian architects, at the end of the sixteenth century and the beginning of the seventeenth, when the classic art had subdued it, without failing to follow it, crowned the friezes of their monuments, the cusps of their towers, the roofs of their palaces, with ornaments and enameled chiselings, always of the Oriental and Venetian character.

Let us go, then, and look at Venice. Our gondola glides over the Grand Canal, the waters are of an emerald green, the heavens of a turquoise blue, the banks of sand are tinged with gold, the houses on the neighboring islets are bright and many-colored, and the marble churches are so transparent that they look like churches of crystal; the sun gilds all objects with its rays. The beauties of nature and the soft breeze perfumed with the aroma of spring, with the saline exhalations of the sea, fresh and invigorating, invite you with their voluptuous caresses to the infinite joys of existence. We have time to admire this Grand Canal, which the Venetian painters reproduced in all manners, from the dawn of the school with Carpaccio to its extinction by Canalletto, and have impressed indelibly on the retinas of the lovers of art. It is easy to see, with a rapid glance, that from the heavy Byzantine buildings to the more elegant structures of the sixteenth century, and from those of the sixteenth century to the motley edifices of the decadence, in company with all kinds of Gothic constructions, ornamented with Syrian and Arab garlands—the history of the art is displayed in two broad marble walls on one and on the other side of the canal, illumined by the reflections of the water and by the tints of the sky.

In every town you first look for a monument or point whereon to fix attention. In Seville, the Cathedral; in Granada, the Alhambra; in Cordova, the Mezquita; in Rome, the Coliseum; in Naples, Vesuvius; in Pisa, the Campo Santo; in Florence, La Piazza della Signoria; and in Venice, the Square of St. Mark. We arrive at the foot of its magnificent flight of steps—we remain there in delighted astonishment.

I must confide in the goodness of my readers, and hope they will excuse me for so ill describing this place. There is indeed a superb panorama before my eyes and a feeble pen in my hand. In the first place, the lagune, splendidly illuminated by the heavens, and the sun which borders it with his rays; at the north is the mouth of the Grand Canal, with its rows of palaces. At the extreme right of the mouth is the marble church of Santa Maria della Salute, whose white cupolas are outlined wonderfully in the lustrous air. Before the church, elevated on a graceful tower, is a great sphere of gilded bronze, with an angel of dark bronze on the top. At the left side of the canal is a terrace, blooming with gay spring flowers and butterflies; near is a little square and the palace of Sansovino, sculptured like a work of Cellini, and surmounted by a group of statues. The palace of the Doge at the other end, resting its mass of red and white marble on a double gallery of Gothic arches, interlaced by a capricious arrangement of oriels, and adorned at the upper part of the columns with Byzantine sculptures, which harmonize and mingle admirably with the diadem of sharp triangles and the airy belfry above. Before these two monuments, the two columns of Oriental granite, two colossal monoliths, and, above, the crocodile of St. Theodore and the lion of St. Mark, which seem to exhale hot breath from their open mouths; in the background, to the left, the Campanile, light and elegant as our Giralda, paved by a marvelously sculptured tribune, and crowned by an angel standing on a point and raising his wings on high. Farther on, at the right side, the Basilica—Oriental, Gothic, Greek, Byzantine, Moorish—a mixture of all orders of architecture, an epitome of all epochs, its blue arches sown with stars, its columns of different-colored jasper, its statues and its fantastic bell-towers; the four horses of Corinth above the door, mosaics of Venetian glass in the recesses, from the golden groundwork of which wonderful figures of all colors detach themselves; the cupolas above, small copies of those of Santa Sophia, like an apparition of Asia; and in the vast proportions of that panorama, the *Riva degli Schiavoni* filled with vessels, realized by the picturesque costumes of the Turks and the Greeks, by the great Venetian population continually passing in that wide street. Beyond, the isle of San Giorgio, with its church of red and white marble; the Giudecia, with its buildings of all the colors of the rainbow; San Lazzaro, with its Armenian convent, whose Oriental towers look like the curled sail of a huge vessel; the Lido, with its groves of trees which touch the lagune with their branches, the nightingales filling the air with melody, the gardens like floating islands, or gigantic bouquets flung upon the water, all crossed by the blue stripes of the canals, all varied by colors, and gilded or silvered by the sand-banks, all diversified by the contrast between the white lateen-sails and the black Venetian gondolas which glide around, all lulled by the waves of the Adriatic; the Alps in the distant west, resembling an army of celestial pyramids, and in the far east, like an eternal music, the wind which comes from the shores of Greece. It is unequaled in the world.—*Old Rome and New Italy. By Emilio Castelar.*